The Outlook

VOLUME 92 MAY 29, 1909 NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS FIVE CENTS
MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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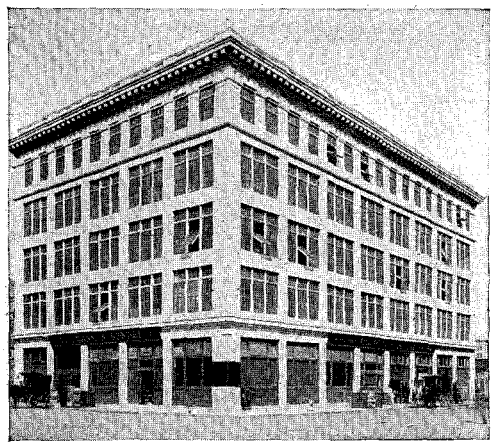

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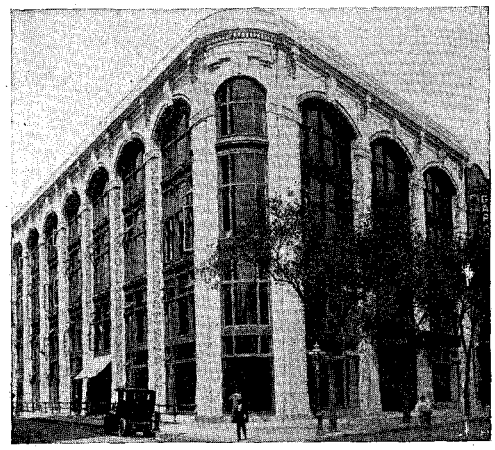

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The Outlook

29 MAY, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH

The one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was commemorated last week in the historic old city of Charlotte, North Carolina, where, according to tradition, the people of Mecklenburg County, in convention assembled, declared their independence of Great Britain May 20, 1775, thereby anticipating the National Declaration by more than a year. Although our historians almost unanimously refuse to accept the Mecklenburg Declaration as authentic, and although it is the subject of jocose comment by some South Carolinians, it is firmly believed in by the great majority of North Carolinians, and its anniversary is annually observed with appropriate ceremonies. This year's celebration was unusually elaborate and interesting, the exercises extending over three days and including a musical festival, military maneuvers, exhibition drills, athletic contests, and a military, civil, and industrial parade. But the principal feature of the proceedings was an address delivered in the Charlotte auditorium by President Taft. Practically the only reference to the Declaration in his speech was his statement that the man who came to Charlotte and was not willing to accept the Declaration in full reminded him of the man who had been killed by a Tipperary Irishman with a blackthorn. At the trial it was shown that the victim had a very thin skull. When sentence came to be passed, the convicted man was asked if he had anything to say. "No, your Honor," he replied, according to Mr. Taft, "but, your Honor, I would like to ask wan question. What the divil was a man with a head like that doing in Tipperary?" Mr. Taft took advantage of his visit to Charlotte to make a clear-cut statement of the policy he intends to pursue towards the South. No more important utterance on this subject has been made by him. Reminding his hearers that, when President-elect, he had promised to do all in his power to prove to the Southern people that the Central Government at Washington was not a Government alien to them, Mr. Taft emphatically reiterated his belief that the best way he could fulfill that pledge was by putting into office, regardless of party affiliations, men in whom the community at large would have confidence. "I am trying to do that," said Mr. Taft, "and I am going to appoint Republicans and I am going to appoint Democrats, striving in each case to get a man who will commend himself to the community in which he lives." Another point emphasized by the President was the great desirability of upbuilding in every State an intelligent, forceful, and effective Opposition, for the reason that in order to be sure of having a good Government it is necessary to have a good Opposition. To that end he pleaded for greater tolerance of political opinion in the South, and expressed his conviction that such tolerance would soon be achieved there. "I think not," he frankly admitted, "that we are at a point where there is to be political revolution in the South. I never had such a dream. But I believe we are on the eve of such a condition in the South that there shall be a complete tolerance of opinion, and that there shall grow into respectable power an Opposition in each State which shall tend to the betterment of the Government as it exists in the State." At frequent intervals in his address, which was on the one hand a straightforward assurance of fair dealing with the South, and on the other an earnest appeal to the

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South to put completely behind it the dead issues of the past, the President was interrupted by prolonged applause. But perhaps nothing indicates so strikingly the spirit in which he was welcomed by the citizens of North Carolina, and the impression he made on his auditors, as the cheery greeting given him by Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, one of the guests of honor at the celebration—"I am indeed delighted to know the harmonizer of all our hearts."

MAY THE UNITED STATES PREVENT THE IMPORTATION OF VICE?

The Supreme Court of the United States has rendered a decision in two recent cases—The United States vs. Joseph Keller and The United States vs. Joseph Ullman—which, both in its immediate and its ultimate effects, appears to us likely to prove disastrous. Our hope that in principle it may be reversed by a future Court is partly sustained by the fact that it runs counter to the trend of public opinion in America, partly by the fact that Justices Holmes, Harlan, and Moody dissent from the judgment of the Court. A United States statute prohibits the importation into the United States of any alien woman for the purpose of prostitution, provides for her deportation if found an inmate of a house of prostitution within three years after entering the United States, and makes it a felony for any person to harbor in any house, for the purpose of prostitution, any alien woman within three years after her entry into the United States. It is this last clause which the Supreme Court has held unconstitutional, on the ground that the punishment of vice and the protection of the community from vice belong to the States, and that for the Federal Government to undertake this function is to usurp powers which under the Constitution do not belong to it. There are two grounds for dissent from this opinion. It is no doubt true, as a general principle, that the protection of the community from vice is a State, not a Federal, function; that, for example, a Federal law making criminal the practice of prostitution in the city of New York would be unconstitutional, because the Constitution does not confer power upon Congress to control local government in the cities. For the same reason Congress cannot make sanitary regulations for the city. But it can prohibit persons with contagious disease, and for the same reason professional criminals, from landing in New York. And this power ought to carry with it power also to punish any person who harbors an immigrant afflicted with contagious disease or engaged in violation of the laws of the land as a profession. This is the ground of Justice Holmes's dissent. "If the ground of exclusion is their calling, practice of it within a short time after arrival is or may be made evidence of what it was when they came in. . . . If a woman were found living in a house of prostitution within a week of her arrival, no one, I suppose, would doubt that it tended to show that she was in the business when she arrived. But how far back such an inference shall reach is a question of degree, like most of the questions of life. And, while a period of three years seems to be long, I am not prepared to say, against the judgment of Congress, that it is too long." The immediate effect of the Supreme Court's decision will be to make much safer in the future a criminal traffic which has been made too safe in the past. There are men who make their living by importing girls into this country to supply the houses of prostitution. Sometimes they bring in those who have already taken up vice as a profession; oftener they lure hither by specious pretense girls who are innocent, and, getting control of them and making them practical prisoners, coerce them into lives of vice. To prove directly that any one has done this is almost impossible, both because it is difficult to secure the evidence of the girl and because her evidence alone, even if secured, is not sufficient to convict. If, under the decision of the Supreme Court, proof that a man has harbored in a house of ill fame a recently arrived immigrant does not constitute a legal presumption that he has been concerned in her immigration or accessory to it, the difficulty of breaking up this horrible traffic—so horrible in details well known to the Police Department of New York that they can scarcely be published for general circulation—is greatly increased.

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MAY THE UNITED STATES PROTECT IMMIGRANTS?

There is another ground of objection to the Supreme Court's decision which appears to us equally sound, and another evil effect of this decision which threatens to be far-reaching. It is or ought to be in the power of the Federal Government to protect aliens on our soil. Their protection ought not to be left to the States. That the Senate has a right to make treaties with foreign countries for the protection of foreigners—as of Italians in New Orleans or Chinamen in California—and that if such treaties are made they become the supreme law of the land, superior to the laws of any State which come in conflict with them, is the opinion of at least some of the ablest constitutional lawyers in America; it is believed to be the opinion of both Senator Elihu Root and President Taft. We believe that Congress has, as it certainly ought to have, power to enact laws, without previous treaties, for the protection of aliens, and to make it possible for them to appeal for protection to the Federal courts; for such protection is unquestionably at times needed against a local prejudice which dominates the State and even makes State legislation an instrument of injustice. The tendency of this decision—though we do not say its necessary result—is to deny the right of the Federal Government to render such protection. It is not a *necessary* result, for Judge Brewer affirms that a man who harbors a prostitute, maintaining her in the practice of her profession in a house of ill fame, does her no wrong. His exact language is as follows:

> It is unnecessary to determine how far Congress may go in legislating with respect to the conduct of an alien while residing here, for there is no charge against one; nor to prescribe the extent of its power in punishing wrongs done to an alien, for there is neither charge nor proof of any such wrong. So far as the statute or the indictment requires, or the testimony shows, she was voluntarily living the life of a prostitute, and was only furnished a place by the defendants to follow her degraded life.

In other words, for a man to keep a house of ill fame and to maintain girls in it is no legal wrong to them, unless it can be proved by legal evidence that they are kept there against their will or have been enticed there by fraud or false pretense. This appears to us to furnish another and striking illustration of that ignorance of life in certain of our judges of which Mr. Roosevelt wrote in his much-criticised article in The Outlook for March 13, 1909. If Judge Brewer did know life, he would know that, with very few exceptions, recent immigrants who are living in houses of ill fame have either come to this country as professional prostitutes because it furnishes a promising market for their trade, or have been lured into these houses by fraud and false pretense and are kept there practically prisoners, with little opportunity for escape, and no opening to a self-supporting life even if they did escape. Common sense, acquainted with the actual conditions as they exist in our great cities, would justly assume that every recent immigrant in such a house is there because of fraud or force, unless her voluntary acceptance of the life is affirmatively proved by the keeper of the house. Happily, the Court has not directly passed upon this question; and it may be hoped that, without waiting for a direct reversal of the doctrine laid down in this case, the Court may in the future hold that the Federal Government has a right to protect aliens from wrong, and that in the case of a girl maintained in a house of prostitution it will not assume that she has voluntarily chosen a life of vice, but, on the contrary, will assume her innocence, and put upon her keeper, whose iniquity is self-evident, the burden of proving that she has voluntarily chosen the life which she is carrying on under his direction. We think the public conscience would support the still further doctrine that if he has persuaded her to a life of vice and is sharing the profit of that life with her, he is guilty of doing her a wrong of which the law ought to take cognizance.

ONE BAD PLAY BANNED

It is a pleasure to report that Mayor Hibbard, of Boston, in response to the urgent appeal of a group of the most intelligent citizens interested in the public welfare, has notified the managers of the theater at which "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" was to be produced that the advance sale of tickets must be stopped. The Mayor

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saw the play in advance of his action, and describes it, briefly and effectively, as "nasty and indecent;" a judgment in which all decent people who may have seen the play will concur. The descriptions of it which have appeared indicate that it is one of those pieces of so-called dramatic writing which appeal distinctively, not to the curious primarily, but to those who love salacious and obscene things; and that it is a deliberate attempt to exploit indecency and nudity for the sake of money. This puts those who are interested in it on the plane of the pander, whose calling is perhaps the most degrading of all occupations. The Watch and Ward Society of Boston has circulated a petition against the production of this so-called drama, which has secured the signature of many men who do not represent the Puritan attitude toward the theater, but who, as a matter of respect for a great art and of protection for the morals of a large community, are determined that this demoralizing play shall be prohibited. In this case there is no question of ignorant or bigoted censorship, or of unwillingness to listen to the facts of life, or of art dealing with the darker side of things for art purposes: it is simply an endeavor on the part of sane-minded people to keep a "nasty and indecent" performance off the stage.

A PLAY FESTIVAL

Schenley Park in Pittsburgh a week ago last Friday was a scene of gayety and animation. The sod of the Park was at its greenest, and the shrubbery and flowers were in full bloom. In one hundred play-courts ten thousand children were busily engaged in all kinds of games. By noon the entire hill slope was a living pageant of color. Flagstaff Hill was the center of this activity. The first space near the entrance to the Park from Carnegie Institute was occupied by the children from the Blind Institute playing folk games to the music of a blind boy fiddler. Then came groups from mine and factory districts, foreign settlements, public schools of all grades and classes, mixed groups from the several playgrounds and from the suburbs of the city. Two thousand school-boys were engaged in sports and athletic competitions on Schenley Oval on the hill-crest, and a kite contest occupied midair. In every direction, far down into the ravines, making the most of the May day in the Park, were wandering scattered family groups and runaway children. Through the driveways and up and down the Park walks streamed thousands of eager spectators, enthusiastically cheering the boys and girls. From two to four o'clock the playing children, the folk dancers, and the fiddlers entirely covered the amphitheater-like slopes of the Park. Then came the massing of the entire company before the grand stand and the green reserved for the pageant. Here, in chronological pantomime, two hundred children reproduced the authentic events which had made the city of Pittsburgh. Presiding over all was Father Pitt in seventeenth-century costume. Indian tribes pitched their tepees, Indian children played their games, and the older warriors danced their feather and harvest dances; French hunters and trappers made friends with the Indians and planted the French flag on Fort Duquesne; and then the British in their red coats, with General Forbes at their head, raised the British flag in the presence of Father Pitt. The spirit of Pittsburgh and Columbia received the children, builders of the city of the future. Then representatives of the various races of the city performed their national dances, symbolizing the city's cosmopolitanism. The Scotch wore the costumes of various clans and had bag-pipers from the Highlands to play for the Highland fling and the sword dance. The children of clans Robertson and McPherson danced with a deftness and a grace of step which called out rounds of applause. A patriotic Irish girl, upon learning that the Ancient Order of Hibernians was unable to contribute to the programme, entered the green and danced a reel on her own account, with a spirit which captivated the entire audience. Thirty Italian boys and girls, with national costumes and colors, were escorted to the field by a committee of Italian citizens, with mandolin orchestra and string band. These were followed by the Hungarian boys and girls, chaperoned by their Church father and choirmaster. The flowing white costumes of the Hungarians and the rhythmic yet dignified lanciers, accompanied by Hungarian violins, gave many an onlooker a juster

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idea of this most recent immigrant class in America. And the Slovak girls and boys, with their shawls and full skirts and ribbon braids and high boots, showed circle games as combined with the dancing to their own singing in their native language. This children's May festival, one of the most significant recreational events witnessed in our country, was the culminating and closing feature of the third Convention of the Playground Association of America. The day was set apart by the city officials. The festival committee which managed the festival and prepared the text and costumes for the pageant was made up from the Board of Education and the athletic, religious, philanthropic, and commercial organizations of Greater Pittsburgh.

THE PLAYGROUND CONGRESS

The Conference which this play festival brought to a close was an assemblage of people with an interest and expert knowledge concerning the organization of facilities for play. Why, it may be asked, does play need such serious attention? This question was partly answered by a playground police officer who said of a group of boys, "They certainly used to be a tough gang, but this year, since the playground come, they don't give me no trouble." The dictum of Mr. Joseph Lee that "the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job" has been illustrated many times. Idleness and vagrancy in the man are the natural product of a boyhood without opportunity for wholesome play. There is also a close connection between the social spirit that finds expression in wholesome sport and the social spirit that finds expression in public service. There is an appropriateness in the fact that the city which has been the scene of the Pittsburgh Survey and has given expression to roused civic spirit by the creation of a Civic Association should be also the scene of such a Convention as this. Indeed, the playgrounds of the city as observed by the delegates show something of the determined effort to which this new civic spirit has stimulated its citizens. There is reason, too, in providing not only facilities for play but some supervision of play. As the Secretary of the Playground Association pointed out, people are recognizing more than ever the fact that play is the work of the child's world, and that if children are to learn order and acquire habits of adjustment with their fellows, they must be helped to that end through their play; and if among children the youngest and the weakest are to receive redress for injustice, and the stronger and older are to learn fairness and courtesy, there must be in their world of play something which will correspond to executive officers and courts of law among men. On the other hand, there is danger that this movement for organizing and supervising the play of children may become academic and professional. The story is told of an extension lecturer who delivered a learned address not long ago on the Spirit of Play in Adults. He had accumulated a great amount of valuable information on the matter through correspondence. When, however, he was asked by a group of young people to join in a series of games and dances, he protested in consternation that he never did such things. After he had been initiated he gracefully acknowleged that he had never had such a good time in his life. What is needed is a cultivation of the spirit of play; for the play instinct, which is as well established as any other instinct of the race, and which mankind shares with the animals, can, like any other instinct, die of disuse. That this spirit of play is growing in this land was evident throughout the sessions of the Conference. This has been specifically illustrated by the effect of the Massachusetts playground law. This is, in effect, a measure which provides for local option in playgrounds; it requires every city of ten thousand or more inhabitants to vote whether it will maintain playgrounds or not. Of forty-four cities, forty have voted affirmatively. The educative value of play is illustrated by such a pageant as that which occurred in Schenley Park. It is this value which ought to be considered in our use of National holidays.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

The uncertainty over the appointment of a Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York to succeed Mr. Robert Watchorn has been settled by the appointment

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of Mr. William Williams. The newspaper gossip that the Administration was considering giving this office to a professional politician as a reward for political services proves to be as groundless as gossip generally is. As The Outlook said last week, Mr. Williams was Mr. Watchorn's predecessor, and on his retirement was highly praised by President Roosevelt for his efficiency and disinterestedness. Indeed, he practically revolutionized the office. The treatment which the United States Government has dealt out to incoming aliens has been marked by great development. In the early days the Government allowed immigrants of all kinds, desirable and undesirable, those who were in flight from the just penalty of crime mixed with those who were in flight from oppression or misfortune, the diseased with the well, the imbeciles with the normal, to be all left to the chance mercy of the philanthropist and the more certain and ingenious devices of the swindler. When the American people discovered the need of protecting themselves against undesirable immigrants and protecting the immigrants against unscrupulous Americans, they established through their Government the Bureau of Immigration, with its chief administrative office in New York. At first the duties of this office were, naturally enough, administered crudely. For years it was regarded as a proper object to be used for party reward. When Mr. Williams first took the post, as an appointee of President Roosevelt, he found the office still in a state of disorganization. Almost immediately improvement became obvious. An energetic worker himself, he succeeded in imparting energy to his subordinates. Though he could not make the ugly buildings on Ellis Island beautiful, he made them clean. Though he could not make the inexperienced and ingenuous immigrants wise and self-controlled, he could and did see that they were treated with wisdom and firmness. Under his administration there was also evident among the subordinates at the island a spirit of genuine kindliness. The return of Commissioner Williams to this office insures a régime of efficiency and honesty; we hope it will also insure the continuance of that human feeling which under Commissioner Watchorn's administration has tempered the interpretation of the immigration law.

CAROLINE REST

A fresh instance of private charity serving as a pathmaker for progress in public duty was given by the recent opening of the unique institution at Hartsdale, New York, named "Caroline Rest," a memorial to Mrs. Caroline Schrader, erected and endowed by her son, Mr. George H. F. Schrader, and presented by him to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Fronting the house and grounds of the Hartsdale Golf Club, and the site of a palatial hotel soon to be built, here stands a substantial, homelike mansion for the temporary residence of poor mothers convalescing after childbirth, who need more than the usual term of ten days in hospital. It is educational as well as hygienical in its aim. Here come those who, before confinement, have had preliminary care in their city homes from Caroline nurses, to receive with after-care practical lessons in the simple rules of maternal and child hygiene—one pretty room, for instance, is fitted up as an infants' bathroom, with a tiny cradle on a spring balance amidst the little tubs, and another as a lecture-room for object-lessons. Knowledge thus imparted to the few tends to diffuse itself among the many, and to lessen the waste of infant life, as well as to conserve maternal vigor. The lesson, not yet learned, which such an institution sets before the community is identical with the well-learned lesson set before it by the public school. The State is inconsistent whose interest in its future citizens provides for the mental and neglects the physical, especially of the ill provided. Adjacent to Caroline Rest is the Caroline Country Club for Social Workers, likewise the gift of Mr. Schrader. With its pretty private rooms, its sun-parlor dining-room, and its great common room, 50 by 28, it affords to men and women engaged in any line of social service an inexpensive and delightful retreat, either singly or in parties, for shorter or longer periods, amidst lovely scenery. It has already nearly three hundred members. To these

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two entirely distinct institutions Mr. Schrader has devoted about $400,000. Hartsdale, an attractive residential locality twenty miles from the city on the Harlem road, has become a focus of wide philanthropic interest. The opening of the Rest—a name preferred to the sometimes soiled word "Home"—was attended by a large company.

THE LAKE MOHONK PEACE CONFERENCE

The fifteenth annual Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration was held last week. The attendance, which was, we believe, the largest in its history, indicates that there is no diminution in the public interest, although what was a question fifteen years ago—the possibility of organizing a Supreme Court of the Nations to take the place of war—has now become an ideal internationally recognized though yet to be achieved. The Conference was also notable because of its international character, China, Japan, England, and Canada all being ably represented by speakers heartily in favor of the substitution of law for war as a means of settling international difficulties. The two themes on which the interest of the Conference was centered were the lessening of the naval armaments of the world and the creation of what is termed an Arbitral Court of Justice to which all international controversies shall be referred. The first question was put before the Conference in a very concrete form by the opening address of the presiding officer, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, in his graphic characterization of the present naval rivalry between England and Germany. The spirit of this address is better indicated by the following extract from it than by any attempted abstract of it:

> The nation which for generations has contributed so powerfully to the world's progress in all that relates to the spread of the rule of law, to the peaceful development of commerce and industry, to the advancement of letters and science, and to the spread of humanitarian ideas, appears to be possessed for the moment with the evil spirit of militarism. It is hard to reconcile the excited and exaggerated utterances of responsible statesmen in Parliament and on the platform; the loud beating of drums and the sounding of alarms in the public press, even in that portion of it most given to sobriety of judgment; and the flocking of the populace to view a tawdry and highly sensational drama of less than third-rate importance for the sake of its contribution to their mental obsession by hobgoblins and the ghosts of national enemies and invaders, with the temperament of a nation that has acclaimed the work of Howard, Wilberforce, and Shaftesbury, whose public life was so long dominated by the lofty personality of William Ewart Gladstone, and whose real heroes to-day are the John Milton and the Charles Darwin whose anniversaries are just now celebrated with so much sincerity and genuine appreciation.

This view, that the popular alarm in England has no rational cause, was confirmed by the Hon. J. A. Baker, M. P., from England, who regards it as partly a game of politics to drive the Liberals from power. It had not, however, the unanimous support of the Conference, some of whose members, in those private discussions which are the best and most informing features of this gathering, maintained that England, as an insular power, with world empires dependent on her, was bound at every hazard to maintain her supremacy at sea. Mr. Bryce, whose words always carry weight in this country, expressed the feeling that the newspapers are by no means wholly responsible for inflaming the passions of peoples when any difference comes between two nations, but that they hinder peace by exaggerating those differences. The newspapers, he said, express the feeling of the people. At this moment all the governments of the great military and naval states are intensely desirous of peace. Every one of them would lose by war far more than could possibly be gained. Each nation is conscious of its own rectitude of purpose, but each is told that it must not credit with similar good intentions the other nations; and this is one of the chief causes of the atmosphere of suspicion in the relations of the great Powers. A better knowledge of each nation by the other nations would dispel these suspicions. Every nation should be prepared to repel all dangers, but it should also try to ascertain whether the dangers are real. Suspicion breeds suspicion. Thirty years ago there was a great deal of suspicion between Great Britain and the United States. Better

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knowledge has put genuine friendship in its place, which would at once recur to arbitration for the settlement of any questions that might arise between the two countries. Mr. Alfred Mosely declared that all parties in England were agreed on the necessity of keeping the navy up to the highest pitch of efficiency. He expressed his belief that the German Emperor means well for his country and the world, but that his utterances have caused suspicion. He declared that England had proposed to Germany to come to some understanding in regard to armaments, but had received no response; that she is willing and has shown her willingness to reduce her armament, if other nations, and Germany especially, would do the same.

AN INTERNATIONAL COURT OF ARBITRAL JUSTICE

The Conference in its platform declared emphatically in favor of the early establishment of a Court of Arbitral Justice, but in the public session less emphasis was placed on the importance of such a Court, or at least less time was devoted to the discussion how such a Court could be established. This was, in our judgment, the greatest defect of the Conference. The way to secure disarmament is to provide some better protection for the nations of the earth than war. The Hague Conference has declared in favor of an International Court, but in the establishment of such a Court it halted because the smaller nations insist on equal representation in any Court with the largest, and the largest are equally insistent that their rights shall not be determined by a mere majority representation of the nations. And this insistence is the more determined because, on the theory of a mere majority representation, the rights of European monarchies would be largely determined by representatives from the South American Republics. We wish that the Conference might next year have this problem presented in a well-considered paper by some international lawyer of recognized ability, and then thoroughly discussed by the eminent lawyers and judges who constitute so important an element in these Conferences. In a careful and scholarly paper read before the American Society of International Law at Washington, ex-Governor Montague, of Virginia, argued ably that the Supreme Court of the United States is fundamentally a tribunal of international justice and might be taken as a model for a permanent Court of Arbitral Justice. Such an argument as his might well form the basis of a discussion at the next Conference. Forty-six sovereign States are represented and controlled by the nine judges of the United States Supreme Court. During the Conference at Mohonk the suggestion was made in private that if four or five of the great Powers—England, Germany, France, Italy, the United States, and Japan, and perhaps Spain and Russia—could join in establishing such a Supreme Court of the nations, to which they would refer their difficulties, other nations would be compelled by the course of events to accept the tribunal and its decisions, and to come into participation in it on such terms as might later be agreed upon. And the platform, without affirming anything on this subject, made a recommendation which may fairly be interpreted as looking in this direction:

> It is the opinion of this Conference that the time has arrived for carrying into effect the strongly expressed desire of the two Peace Conferences at The Hague that the governments "examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets," and address themselves to the serious study of this pressing question. Accordingly, we ask our Government to consider whether the peculiar position which it occupies among the nations does not afford it a special opportunity to lead the way toward making these weighty declarations a basis of public and concerted action.

If the President may suggest to the nations public and concerted action to bring about "an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets," and need not wait till all the nations come to such an agreement; if, for example, as was suggested in both public and private conferences, he could propose a joint agreement to this end between Germany, England, and the United States, it would be equally possible to propose to four or five of the great Powers a similar agreement for the organization of an International Court, leaving other nations to come into the agreement at their leisure.

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FREE ART

No feature of the tariff bills before the House of Representatives and the Senate at Washington has stimulated pleasanter comment than that of free art. According to Mr. Kenyon Cox, the distinguished painter, if the artists of repute had been listened to by the men who make the laws, the tariff on art would have been taken off twenty-five years ago. From 1846 to 1861 paintings and statuary were free of duty. In the war tariff of 1861, and in the successive tariffs of 1862, 1864, 1870, and 1872, the duty was ten per cent; in 1883 it was raised to thirty per cent; in 1890 it was reduced to fifteen per cent; in 1894 it was entirely taken off; in 1897 it was made twenty per cent. The Payne Bill transfers paintings and statuary over twenty years old to the free list. But why this limitation? Let us hope that it, too, will in time be taken off. Meanwhile we may be thankful for the step forward. The Senate bill is more generous to the country than the House bill, because, in addition to transferring to the free list paintings and statuary more than twenty years old, it also transfers "antiquities" to the free list. If the first transfer is desirable, the second logically follows. As Mr. Robert W. de Forest points out in the Monthly Bulletin issued by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City, a Greek vase with its procession of gods and heroes is as high an expression of Greek art as is a Greek statue, and is quite as instructive. "To encourage art education by admitting the statue free, and to discourage art education by practically excluding the vase, is an anachronism in any civilized country. How can the American traveler really look the Venus of Melos in the face when at the same time his country is insulting the beautiful vases made, so to speak, under her eye, centuries before the Christian era, by a tariff which classes them as 'decorated earthenware,' and keeps them out unless they pay *ad valorem* duty of sixty-five per cent?" The Metropolitan Museum of Art is justly aroused on the subject of free art, believing it to be essential to the growth of American museums, colleges, and schools, because their collections are increased largely by gifts. The imposition of a duty on art diminishes the source of supply. We learn that about four-fifths of the foreign pictures in the Metropolitan Museum were gifts; that of the 139 foreign pictures exhibited by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, 113 were gifts or loans; that of the 220 foreign pictures owned by the Chicago Art Institute, 175 were gifts; and there is not a single foreign picture in our National Gallery at Washington which was not a gift. Art knows no country. Many Americans travel abroad every year. They want to bring home art objects with them. The tariff has discouraged them, and hence has prevented a possible gift. Now that the importation may be practically free, we have a right to expect a greatly increased number of the object-lessons for which the educational interests of the country are clamoring. That the tax on art is not a tax on luxury but a tax on the public welfare is shown by the following simple and clear argument by President Eliot:

> A tax on works of art is a tax on the education and development of the sense of beauty and of the enjoyment of the beautiful. The appreciation of the beautiful is a rich source of public happiness, and the ultimate object of all government is to promote public happiness. Therefore a tax on works of art violates the fundamental principles of a democracy which believes in universal education, and in all other means of increasing mental and bodily efficiency, and the resulting public and individual enjoyments.

THE CAREER OF H. H. ROGERS

Mr. H. H. Rogers, Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company, and, since Mr. John D. Rockefeller's retirement from active business, probably the most important, certainly the best known, executive officer of that great corporation, died last week Wednesday at his home in New York City, in his sixty-ninth year. Like the careers of most of the other great American captains of industry of the class to which Mr. Rogers belonged, his life was a really romantic one. He was born in the little town of Fairhaven, just across the bay from the whaling city of New Bedford. He began his career as a newsboy. His first promotion was to a position in a grocery shop at three dollars a week and board, and at one time he acted as a youthful baggage-master on a railway which is now a part

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of the New Haven system, at the modest wages of one dollar and sixteen cents a day. He died reputed to be worth several tens of millions of dollars and a director and active principal in a list of corporations so long that their mere names would fill a good-sized paragraph in this column. The last great piece of constructive industrial work which he accomplished, just before his death, was the building of a railway four hundred and forty-two miles long in Virginia and West Virginia, without the co-operation of any other capitalist. He paid for the building of this road out of his own private fortune, and it is said to be one of the most perfect roads, in its engineering plan and in its construction, in this country. During the oil boom in Pennsylvania in the early sixties Mr. Rogers and his young wife went to that practically frontier region to make their fortunes. His skill and success as an oil expert attracted the attention of John D. Rockefeller, and he soon became an important and confidential associate of the creator of the Standard Oil Company. He is described by those who knew him well to have been genial and gentle in his personal and domestic relations, but ruthless and irresistible in carrying out his plans in industry and finance. He was a notable exemplar of that school which believes that business should know no law but the survival of the fittest, and he probably sincerely and honestly believed that when the Federal Government or a State government or a municipal government interfered with his work of creating and directing a great financial or industrial corporation it was to be regarded and treated as an enemy. This was certainly his attitude toward the courts in the various actions against the Standard Oil Company and other corporations of which he was an officer. While his name has not been connected with philanthropic benefactions on the scale associated with Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, he was generous and public-spirited in connection with his birthplace, the town of Fairhaven. He spent during his lifetime hundreds of thousands of dollars of his money for the benefit of that community. His personal kindness in private cases and his munificence to his birthplace do not alter the fact that he represented in a very striking form an attitude towards business and the financial exploitation of American resources which has done this country far more harm than it has done it good. We say this with a full appreciation of the value to the whole industrial community of much of the corporation achievements which he accomplished. But Mr. Rogers was a disbeliever (if not in theory, certainly in practice) in the principle that the will and interest of the State—which is to say, the will and interest of the whole people—are sovereign to the will and prosperity of any single individual or class of individuals. In a real industrial democracy no man can rise in a short lifetime from the position of a newsboy to that of a multi-millionaire. Mr. Rogers and such financial enterprises as the Amalgamated Copper Company and the Boston Gas consolidation are products of a system rather than the result of a personal moral delinquency. His relation to the State, in so far as the employment of capital was concerned, was that of a feudal baron to the sovereign in the Middle Ages. Political feudalism has long since become obsolete; we believe that industrial feudalism will follow the same history, and that Mr. Rogers may fairly be called one of the last of the corporation barons.

THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

The historic importance of the approaching Hudson-Fulton celebration is being increasingly emphasized. A replica of Fulton's vessel, the Clermont, is being constructed from his drawings to emphasize his achievements. To celebrate Hudson's discovery, two centuries earlier, of the river up which the Clermont's voyage was made, a duplicate of his Half-Moon is to be furnished by Holland, largely at the instance and through the energy in that country of ex-Premier Kuyper, supplemented by public-spirited Americans, the requisite measurements for the duplicate having been found in the archives of the Dutch East India Company at The Hague. The æsthetic as well as the historic importance of the celebration is now to the fore in the announcement by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City of a Hudson Fulton Celebra-

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tion Exhibition. The objects of art to be shown will be divided into two sections. The first is to comprise Dutch paintings belonging to Hudson's period, together with Dutch furniture and objects of art of the time. The second section is to present examples of American industrial art dating from about 1625 to 1825, with paintings of American artists belonging to Fulton's period. In planning the first section it was at once seen that few works of art are connected with the life or personality of Hudson. Hence the basis of the plan to bring together a loan collection of Dutch art of the first half of the seventeenth century must be æsthetic rather than historical, especially when we remember that at this period Dutch painting was at the height of its development. The responses thus far received to the request for pictures have so far exceeded the anticipations that the exhibition is likely to be the most important collection of old masters ever shown in this country. The historical and decorative effect of the Dutch section is to be emphasized by the introduction of art objects of the same period, such as silver, furniture, and pottery. The American section has a unique distinction, for this is the first time that such an exhibition has been given. In it, it is interesting to note that furniture will doubtless constitute the most important group to be shown. In the early colonial days most of the furniture used in this country was brought from England or Holland, but our craftsmen began early to ply their trades. Before the beginning of the eighteenth century oak was the wood most used by cabinet-makers; with the introduction of mahogany (about 1720), however, a new era began. Accessory to the furniture there will be collections of American-made silverware, showing specimens of the handicraft of the comparatively large body of silversmiths both in New England and in New Amsterdam. The collection is to include a number of the very rare authenticated pieces made by Paul Revere, who was rather better known as a soldier than as a silversmith. There will also be collections of pewter, glass, and pottery, which, too, should bring out the story of the early development of industrial art in this country. These facts are announced in the latest number of the excellent monthly Bulletin published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Bulletin is a publication of real interest to lovers of art in general and of American art in particular.

THE ARMENIANS IN ASIA MINOR

Last week the new Sultan of Turkey, and his Grand Vizier, or Premier, Hilmi Pasha, appeared in the Chamber of Deputies of the Turkish Parliament at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier read the Sultan's Speech from the Throne. Mehmed V, in repeating his oath to uphold the Constitution, expressed sorrow for the recent massacres in the vilayet, or province, of Adana, and a determination to prevent their recurrence. This vilayet is in Asia Minor, on the Syrian border, and surrounds the Gulf and port of Alexandretta, where our cruiser Montana has now arrived. The vilayet is thus the ancient province of Cilicia. Assyrians and Egyptians once contended there, where Armenians and Turks now contend. The Armenians have been longer on Cilician soil than have the Turks. In the eleventh century a Turkish uprising on the Persian border and in Armenia forced thousands of Armenians to emigrate to Cilicia. There they founded Little Armenia, the last Western state on Asian soil to defy the Mussulman. Such strongholds as Hadjin and Zeitun have indeed always been centers of more or less resistance, the last-named town having notably distinguished itself during the massacres of 1894–5. While the massacres and outrages of last month did not extend to Armenia proper, east of Asia Minor, in Cilicia they were more disastrous than fifteen years ago. As to relief, the Military Commission sent by the new Turkish Government from Constantinople to investigate conditions, with a view to punishing the guilty and aiding the sufferers, is busily collecting information. In addition, an International Committee has been formed under the Sultan's patronage to distribute relief. The President of the Committee is Said Pasha, a former Grand Vizier. The Turkish Government is represented by a Councilor of State and by various members of Parliament. The American representative is Mr. W. W.

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Peet, Treasurer in Constantinople of the American Board (Congregational) of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Mr. Peet has been chosen Chairman of the Committee on Distribution. He is regarded as an impartial and fair-minded man, one who may be expected to deal justly with all races and religions. In the region of the massacres the general situation is now perceptibly improving, though the Mohammedans who abducted Armenian women and girls during the raids still refuse to surrender them.

HELP THE SUFFERING!

Mrs. Stephen Trowbridge, the wife of a missionary of the American Board, now at Adana, writes that the Christians, exceeding twenty thousand, who have escaped massacre, are in dire need; that the Armenian Gregorian schools are crowded, as are the Jesuit schools and the Catholic churches; that in the Protestant church sixteen hundred homeless refugees are dependent upon the mission, a hundred and forty families being helped in the home of the Rev. Mr. Chambers; and that in the newly organized hospital there are hundreds of wounded, with an average of four wounds for each person. Mrs. Trowbridge and her friends are confident that the Turkish reactionaries had been only "waiting for the Armenians to give them some slight excuse to act" so as to crush them, and that the Vali could have stopped the trouble the first day. She praises the energy of the British Consul in protecting the Armenian Christians; it contrasts sharply with the British Government's general inaction in influencing the Turkish Government towards reforms during the past thirty-one years of British treaty responsibility as regards Armenia.

I don't know what we would do without this Consul [Major Doughty-Wiley]. His wife is a trained nurse, and they are both working indefatigably for us. In spite of the pain he is suffering in his wounded arm, he is thinking of everything that he can possibly do for the relief of the situation here. . . . The surgeon from the British man-of-war Swiftsure, with three "first-aid-to-the-injured" men, came up from Mersina to-day. They, with Mrs. Doughty-Wiley, Miss Wallis, and the native doctors, are organizing the medical work. How much we have to thank these British friends for! I hope our Government will in hearty measure recognize the Consul's service. Our Consular Agent, Debbas, a Greek, hasn't power enough to get a special train from Mersina, and has done nothing for us.

Mersina, the port of Adana, is connected with it by a railway about forty miles long. It passes through the town of Tarsus, the Apostle Paul's birthplace, and also the scene of recent massacre. The doctors and other officers from our cruiser North Carolina and from the British cruiser Minerva, now at Mersina, are aiding in the hospital and other relief work. This work should be furthered by immediate contributions from generous people in this country. Remittances may be sent to the Treasurer of the Red Cross, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or to the Treasurer of the American Board, 14 Beacon Street. Boston, Massachusetts.

A CRITICAL RUSSIAN SITUATION

The bill creating a Naval General Staff, which passed the Russian Duma recently, has raised an interesting and potentially important constitutional question as to the relative power and authority of the Parliament and the Czar. The bill, as adopted, made an appropriation of 100,000 rubles for the object set forth in its title, but provided that the money should not become available until after the names of the officers appointed to the proposed staff had been made public. This stipulation was intended to keep off the staff incompetent and venal protégés of the Grand Ducal ring, and thus to promote honesty and efficiency in naval administration. Inasmuch, however, as the bill, in this form, seemed to be an invasion of the Czar's prerogative as commander-in-chief of the army and navy—or at least a reflection upon his ability to make appointments wisely—it was fiercely denounced and attacked by the Union of the True Russian People and the reactionaries generally as a flagrant violation of the so-called "Fundamental Laws." The Prime Minister and his associates approved the bill, and thus took their stand with the majority of the Duma; and when the question of the right of Parliament to adopt such a measure went to the Czar for decision, Premier Stolypin is said to have intimated to his Majesty that he must either free

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himself from the reactionary influences and tendencies that were hampering constitutional government in Russia, or be prepared to select a new Ministry. The Naval Staff Bill, therefore, may not improbably bring about the retirement of Stolypin and the appointment of some thoroughgoing reactionary as Premier, or it may result in a slight strengthening of the Duma and the Cabinet, and a corresponding limitation of the Czar's autocratic power. It seems most probable, however, that the outcome will be a compromise.

A VACILLATING MONARCH

The most discouraging thing in the Russian situation, and the thing that makes it most difficult for the Ministry and the Duma to direct Russia's internal policy, is the Czar's instability of character. He will, some one has said, "run into any mold, but he won't keep shape." At one time, under the influence of Count Witte, he is outwardly—if not by conviction—an advanced Liberal, and signs the "Freedom Manifesto," while at another time, under the influence of reactionary Grand Dukes and the palace camarilla, he becomes an arbitrary despot and takes back, or tries to take back, all the personal and political rights that he has previously granted. Some years ago, when Mr. Sipiagin was Minister of the Interior and Count Witte Minister of Finance, there was a humorous story in circulation in St. Petersburg which illustrated the popular conception of the Czar's character as it had then taken shape. This story, as told to us, is as follows:

Mr. Sipiagin went to the Czar one day with a governmental project which seemed to him important, and after reading a draft of it aloud he made a carefully prepared and elaborate argument in explanation and support of it. The Czar listened attentively, and then, after reflecting for a moment, said, with an air of conviction, "Yes, I am entirely of your opinion," whereupon Mr. Sipiagin went away thinking that his scheme had the Emperor's approval and sanction. On the following day Count Witte went to the Czar with another governmental project which he, too, regarded as important, but which was absolutely inconsistent with the project of Mr. Sipiagin. When the draft of it had been read and an argument had been made in support of it, the Czar again reflected for a moment and said, "Yes, I am entirely of your opinion;" and the Minister of Finance went away satisfied. The Czar then sought rest and refreshment in the bosom of his family, but he was there taken to task by his wife, who said: "It seems to me, Nicholas, that you are too easily influenced. Your ministers simply wind you around their fingers. One day Mr. Sipiagin comes to you with a project and you say, 'Yes, I am entirely of your opinion.' The next day Count Witte lays before you another project, wholly inconsistent with that of Mr. Sipiagin, and again you say, 'Yes, I am entirely of your opinion.' Now, it looks to me as if you hadn't any mind of your own at all." The Czar listened attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I am entirely of your opinion."

ENGLAND SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

One of the pressing needs of the world to-day is the opportunity of getting acquainted with itself. It is rapidly becoming one community, and great sections of it are strangers to other sections. In point of immediate importance, the literature of interpretation holds a first place. When Emerson wrote "English Traits," he presented a view of England at once friendly and critical. The book was full of his characteristic insight; and although many years have passed since its publication, it remains a classic in its own field. There have been many readable books of international interpretation from American hands, but only very few which have approached "English Traits" in point of illumination. Among them must be counted Brownell's "French Traits," a book of singular penetration. Mr. Price Collier's "England and the English" (Scribners) has not the philosophic breadth of "English Traits" nor of "French Traits," nor has it quite their dignity of approach and treatment; it is a very incisive discussion of the Englishman of to-day as seen by an American of a polished and critical mind. Mr. Collier does not play the part of the court flatterer; he is rather the outspoken friend. Underlying his discussion there is a profound respect for what England has done, and for the Englishman of to-day; a clear and thoroughly worked out recognition of English integrity, ability, and power; but there is also a very frank comment on English insularity, lack of sensitiveness to the ideals of other races, indifference to other racial standards. The book is an explanation of the England of to-day which is open to modification, but

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is essentially true. The criticism of the Englishman is not a whit more searching or penetrating than the criticism of the American. Such free and intelligent comment is eminently valuable; it is also eminently interesting. Nobody who knows England, or cares for the English, can lay this book down after he has begun it. It is devoid of the commonplaces of the average observer; it is free from the broad and vague generalizations of the average international student. It is direct, concrete, and pungent—a book sound in both observation and comment.

"THE M. P. FOR RUSSIA IN ENGLAND"

During the past month the Anglo-Russian understanding is supposed to have been weakened by German activity, but it is still strong enough to have weight in the concert of the Powers and in the development of Russia as a constitutional nation. One notable agent in bringing about the understanding is Madame Olga Novikoff, the author of a new book called "The M. P. for Russia in England" (Putnams). She began this particular work a generation ago. As she was reluctant to write her reminiscences, Mr. William T. Stead, the well-known editor of the English Review of Reviews, has done it for her. The combination of enthusiasms, Russian and Anglo-Saxon, in these volumes becomes at times fairly contagious. Mr. Stead's propaganda of peace and good will has been largely coincident with Madame Novikoff's. Aside from the general principles in which the two are united, their particular purpose has been to bring together England and Russia in an amicable and permanent understanding. To this end Olga Novikoff has long labored. She is a daughter of the Russian nobility, and a goddaughter of the Emperor Nicholas I, who reigned from 1825 to 1855. Her husband was a military officer of considerable standing. She made many friends in her own country, but her most notable friends were made in England, where she appeared about thirty years ago. Count Orloff wrote to her that she held "Gladstone, and hence England," under her "charming and all-powerful thumb." Among other prominent men influenced by her were Carlyle, Kinglake, Tyndall, Freeman, Froude, and Laveleye. During the period of the Near Eastern crisis, from 1876–1880, she was specially busy, and so strenuous was her activity that Disraeli called her "The Member of Parliament for Russia in England." He did not value her acquaintance as did Gladstone. Madame Novikoff's friendships are more interesting than her political work. Take this touch, for instance, on Froude's Carlyle reminiscences:

> Carlyle's women friends expected me to paint for them the foolish idol which their own foolish minds had made of him, and are furious at me because I could not and would not gratify them. The "Reminiscences" will be like Boswell's "Life of Johnson." All the world howled for a year or two at poor Boswell, and then found that he had given them the best biography in the English language.

MODERN JAPAN

Despite Russia's economic difficulties, her financial credit has been maintained at a relatively high level; this has been particularly apparent during the recent Balkan crisis, closely connected as the Balkan countries are by racial, religious, and political ties with the Russian nation and the Russian Government. It is evident that the Russian Government has been well advised both by financial ministers at home and financial agents abroad. Among the latter Mr. Gregory Wilenkin holds a high place. He was for some time the Financial Adviser of the Russian Embassy at Washington. He now occupies a similar position in the Russian Embassy at Tokyo. A monument of his present sojourn is to be found in his "Political and Economic Organization of Modern Japan" (Kondo Shoten, Tokyo), now translated from the Russian edition. After discussing the origin of the Japanese, the author describes the early political organizations of Japan, the final abolition of the feudal system in 1891, the amendment of the land tax system, the rise of political parties, the promulgation of the constitution, and the modern political organizations. He then enters his own special field and discusses the history of currency circulation in Japan, the banking systems, the imperial budget and Board of Audit, the state revenues, such as the land tax, the income, business,

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succession, liquor, sugar, mining, bourse, bank note, tonnage, and special taxes, the custom duties, the tobacco, salt, and camphor monopolies, the revenues from the nationalization of railways and those from posts and telegraphs, the state expenditures, those on education and on military and naval forces. Mr. Wilenkin frankly congratulates Japan on her phenomenal success, and characterizes the transition from a feudal to a constitutional régime as "absolutely amazing." That it should be effected almost without bloodshed he explains by calling attention to the moral discipline of the Japanese, their unchanging loyalty to their Emperor, and the recognition by the Japanese nobility of their duty to the country, which expressed itself in the voluntary surrender of the fiefs to the Emperor's disposal. The Japanese successes in arms, especially in the recent war with Russia, are due not alone to the preparedness of Japan, says our Russian author. Together with many of his countrymen, he believes that another cause of the Japanese successes may be found in the sympathy enjoyed by Japan from the United States and from the majority of the European states. Yet "when these Powers saw the consequences to which the last war had led, they understood that a new factor had come into being in the Far East, which would not only compete with them in the sphere of science, but would also constitute a menace to their colonies." "Menace" is a strong word. The evidence is hardly ample enough to convince the majority that Japanese competition constitutes a "menace" to the various colonies in the Far East.

ONE OF THE MAKERS OF BRAZIL

In these days of bond-issuing and tariff-making much is being said about Brazil—how the proposed burning of a part of her coffee crop ought to be regarded by her bondholders, how her export duty on coffee ought to affect the proposed duty here. Fortunately for our information, just at this juncture there appears in this country Senhor José Carlos Rodrigues, editor and proprietor of the principal newspaper in Rio de Janeiro, the Jornal do Commerçio. In his sympathies Senhor Rodrigues is North American quite as much as South American. His life has been spent in the endeavor to promote friendly international relations and to liberate the oppressed. A generation ago he edited a paper published in New York City. Its object was to introduce the people and civilization of North America to South Americans. The paper, with its liberal political and religious views, had a creditable career, but was finally suppressed by reactionary influences at Rio, which induced the placing of heavy import duties on newspapers printed abroad. In truth, Brazil needed liberal advisers, for it was the last slaveholding State in America. By his example in liberating his own slaves—he owned them just five days!—and by his efforts with his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Rodrigues aided the Government to pass in 1888 a final emancipation law. Though he has always been a Republican in politics, and though his views were well known to the Emperor Dom Pedro II, that monarch continually showed him marked attention and respect. When, in 1899, the Emperor was forced to abdicate, Senhor Rodrigues was one of the first to condemn extremist violence, although sympathizing in the form of government instituted. In 1880 Senhor Rodrigues went to Panama for the New York World, and his reports, as published in that journal, the New York Nation, and the London Financial News, and later in book form, were the first to call the attention of the world to the real nature of the enterprise to which Ferdinand de Lesseps had lent his great name. His book also attracted the attention of the home Government, and later, when, as editor, he had indicated to the puzzled Brazilian administration how its railway guarantee should be readjusted, that Government was glad to send him to London, where he succeeded in obtaining the consent of English bondholders of Brazilian securities to his plan, involving a total capital of about eighty-five million dollars. The excellent character and great value of the Jornal do Commerçio had long attracted Senhor Rodrigues, who since 1869 had been its contributor, and, with some of his friends, he finally bought the paper for $1,700 000. He has since

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erected, at a cost of $850,000, for its publication and editorial offices, a building in Rio which compares favorably with similar structures anywhere in the world. Senhor Rodrigues was largely his own architect, and the building is thus in a double sense a monument to his ability and energy. The private library of Senhor Rodrigues contains the largest and finest collection of books on the subject of Brazil. Senhor Rodrigues is a South American of the best type—vigorous in his physique, and in manner and speech gentle, polite, sensitive, chivalric.

DEFINITIONS

The lay reader will be better able to understand the current discussions concerning the tariff if he realizes that tariff duties are framed and levied for different purposes. Classifying duties according to their purpose, we may conveniently arrange them in four classes.

I. Revenue duty. Its object is to raise revenue. It is therefore arranged to raise the largest revenue with the least cost of collection and the least inconvenience to the community. Consequently it is usually levied on a small number of articles, and on luxuries rather than necessities. Thus, in England, where tariff is for revenue only, the duties are levied chiefly on spirits and tobacco.

II. Protective duty. Its object is to protect the home product from foreign competition. It is therefore not levied on a small number of objects, nor necessarily on luxuries rather than on necessities. In framing a protective duty, theoretically the statesman considers what domestic industries it is for the benefit of his country to promote, and he arranges the duties for the purpose of promoting them. Thus, a duty is levied on foreign silks on the supposition that if by the imposition of a tariff the price of foreign silks is increased, American silk factories will be built and American silks manufactured. The object is not to raise revenue, but to lessen importation. Sometimes a protective duty is made so high as to prevent importation altogether. In this case it is called a prohibitory duty, and it brings in no revenue. It is for this reason that, not infrequently, lowering the tariff may increase the revenue.

III. Bargaining duty. That is, a duty levied to give the home government an advantage in tariff bargaining with foreign governments. For this purpose Congress has proposed to make some duties variable, by fixing a maximum above which they cannot be raised and a minimum below which they cannot be lowered, and giving to the Executive power to use this variation in dealing with other countries. For example: Since the Spanish War Spain has put a duty on Porto Rican coffee, and as a result the Porto Rican coffee-planter cannot get a full price for his coffee in Spain, which was formerly his best market. America has a duty on olive oil; it raises a little revenue, promotes the raising of olive oil in California, and has developed the use in America of a cottonseed oil in place of olive oil. Congress might put a maximum and a minimum rate on olive oil, and the President might propose to Spain to adopt the minimum rate provided Spain would correspondingly reduce her tariff on Porto Rican coffee. The result would be that the Porto Rican planters would get back their coffee market in Spain, the American housekeeper would get a pure olive oil in place of the cottonseed oil, and the California production of olive oil would be more or less interfered with. This is what we mean by a bargaining duty. Sometimes it takes the form of a retaliatory duty. If, for example, Germany puts a high duty on American food products, and America responds with a high duty on German toys and wines, such a duty would be termed retaliatory, A retaliatory duty never ought to be resorted to unless every attempt to secure fair trade relations by amicable negotiations has failed.

IV. Countervailing duty. The term countervailing is often though incorrectly applied to bargaining and retaliatory duties. Properly speaking, a countervailing duty is one which neutralizes the effect of some other duty elsewhere imposed. For example: England levies an excise duty on articles made in England, but not on articles made in the Isle of Man. As a result, the manufacturer in the Isle of Man would have a trade advantage over the manufacturer of the same

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goods in England. To countervail or counteract this disadvantage, England levies an import duty on goods brought into England from the Isle of Man, equal to the excise duty levied on goods manufactured in England. Again: An import duty levied by the United States on wooden goods manufactured in Canada, equal to an export duty imposed by Canada on unmanufactured lumber sent into the United States, would be a countervailing duty, because its object would be to countervail or counteract the export duty, and give to the American manufacturer equal advantages in his own country with the Canadian manufacturer. In Congressional debates, however, the term "countervailing" has been applied to retaliatory duties, probably from an unconscious desire to avoid the odium which would attach to duties that were frankly called retaliatory.

In the judgment of The Outlook, revenue duties and countervailing duties, as defined above, are legitimate; bargaining duties are a necessary incident to a protective system, but the protective system, while advantageous in the early history of our country to produce a diversified industry and consequent economic independence, is no longer necessary to the United States, and the moral evils it involves more than counterbalance any industrial advantages.

GEORGE MEREDITH

The contrast between George Meredith's position in the judgment of a group of men and women who may be regarded, in a certain sense, as expert judges in matters of literary quality and craftsmanship, and his position with the reading public on both sides of the ocean, was so striking that it is impossible to ignore it. He did not pretend to ignore it; on the contrary, he was very sensitive to the aloofness of that larger reading public which cares for Thackeray and Dickens. It is one of the cynical commonplaces of a certain kind of criticism that popularity is in inverse ratio to excellence; one of those easy generalizations, esoteric on the face of them, but misleading as summaries. While it is true that many inferior novels are widely read, it is also true that the highest kind of excellence does not stand in the way of popularity. Sensitive and delicate craftsmanship never kept a piece of writing wholly within the hands of the few, if the craftsmanship dealt with vital things in a vital spirit. The lack of popularity which Meredith felt deeply was not due to his strength, but to his weakness; not to the striking intellectual energy and fertility of his mind, but to defects both in structure of story and in style.

No English literary man of his distinction lived in greater retirement than Mr. Meredith, though he was in no sense a recluse. Those who have seen him in late years at his home in Box Hill, near London, report him the most charming conversationalist of the time, and possessed of a manner which happily combined graciousness, dignity, and hospitality. His books lack atmosphere—his home seems to have been rich in it, and those who came within its walls were at once aware that they were in the presence of a personality of rare distinction of thought, feeling, and manner; a man of exceptional culture, ripeness of mind, and that kind of breeding which is not always the possession of the fortunate in social conditions, but which in the case of Meredith seems to have been the effulgence of his rare mind and charming nature. Very little is known of his early life beyond the fact that he was born in Hampshire in February, 1828, and that his education was gained in Germany and France; that he had originally intended to become a barrister; that in 1849 he published a poem in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and two years later a volume of poems. During the next few years he wrote for a number of magazines; and in 1853 "The Shaving of Shagpat" was issued. This was and still remains the most fantastic, whimsical, and "teasing" of all Meredith's publications. It contains brilliant passages; it is full of originality of observation; but from the standpoint of fiction it was not and it never can be easy reading. Three years later, however, the appearance of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" established Meredith's reputation as a writer of original and brilliant parts. In the opinion of many, this story of a son sacrificed to the abstract system of a father who had lost his faith in human nature is one of

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the profoundest tragedies in modern fiction. It is also a story of singular beauty of imagination and charm of description. The scene on the island when Richard first sees Lucy is perhaps the most beautiful prose idyl of love in English literature. It is an enchanting idealization of youth and romance. It is impossible to read it without emotion. The wisdom of the book, its penetrating observation, its immense cleverness, are the work of one of the most alert and acute of modern intellects; but this description, in its lyrical beauty and its deep feeling, could come only from a poet.

"Evan Harrington," which followed, was an attempt to answer the question, "Can a tailor be a gentleman?" and was notable for its extremely clever character studies. "Sandra Belloni" was, in effect, an analysis of sentimentality. "Rhoda Fleming" dealt with the sexual question with unusual frankness, and was a study of contrasted types of character. "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" makes perhaps as near an approach to the novel of incident as any that came from Meredith's hands. "Beauchamp's Career," which is reported to have been Meredith's favorite, evoked more admiration and provoked more antagonism than any other of his stories. When "The Egoist" appeared in 1879, it was hailed as the greatest work from the hand of this master of paradox, brilliant observation, and acute comment. In it Meredith revealed both his strength and his weakness. It was so full of the peculiar Meredithian quality that it at once captivated the lovers of Meredith, while its general force and interest attracted those whose attitude toward the writer was distinctly critical. "Diana of the Crossways" appeared in 1885; a brilliant study of a very brilliant woman, and deservedly the most popular of Meredith's novels. Omitting the first chapter, which is obscure and complex, the story is told with more directness than any other tale from his hand. Then followed "One of Our Conquerors," "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "The Amazing Marriage," and "The Tragic Comedians."

In point of brilliancy and acuteness of intellect, Meredith was the foremost English novelist. His books abound in penetrating criticisms of life, in acute observation, in brilliant paradox. They overflow with ideas; and if art were primarily intellectual, Mr. Meredith would probably hold the first place in English fiction. But art is not primarily intellectual; and Meredith's extraordinary intellectual power was not backed by the qualities which are essential to the writing of great novels. He lacked one fundamental quality of the great novelist—the sense of reality. The world in which his characters live is, for many readers, probably, more interesting than the real world; but it is essentially an artificial world and a fantastic one. One rarely gets from it a sense of that solid reality which one gets from Balzac and Thackeray, and from Thomas Hardy at his best. Brilliant as the Meredith stories are, they do not demonstrate themselves, so to speak. They are essentially artificial creations, full of touches of truth and knowledge of life and of brilliant characterization; but failing to convey the impression of having the eternal laws behind them. Fiction in Meredith's hands was not a record of life; it was the brilliant achievement of a man of extraordinary intellectual force. Meredith lacked also that simplicity which is the quality of a great artist. In his world complexity is the natural form of expression because it is a manufactured world and not a real one. His heroes and heroines often act and speak out of character; they are often subtle when they ought to be direct, and complicated when they ought to be simple. Subtlety is not depth, although it is constantly mistaken for depth; and complexity is not penetration, although it is often mistaken for it. Meredith's limitation lay in his extreme intellectuality; the secret of art lies in intuition, in feeling, in passion, in imagination; in other words, in the power of imaginative creation. This creative power Meredith did not possess on a large scale. He invented, commented, and interpreted with consummate ability, but he did not create. His figures are largely types rather than individuals; and in spite of his rich equipment, his occasional lyrical power, his work is not likely to endure because it is primarily the product of wonderful cleverness rather than of the creative imagination.

It is a pleasure to remember that

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Americans were quicker to recognize Meredith's ability than were the English. "They have always liked me better in America," he said. "They do not care about me in England." And he spoke of late years many times about the invitations he had received from this country, and expressed at the same time the fear that it was too late in his life to visit the New World and accept the strain of its hospitality. Of American writers, it is said, he cared especially for Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Atherton, and he made it a practice to read one novel of Henry James every year. He seems to have understood precisely what Mr. James was doing. "James writes about America revisited, but what it really comes to is a tour of Henry James's inside. He tells you how he felt when he beheld this or that, and how such things impressed him, and at rare intervals he may take you to a little window and show you a bit of landscape that might be America and might be anything —a tour of his own inside, that's what it really comes to." Concerning the reading of fiction, he said in one of his novels: "Light literature is the garden and the orchard, the fountain, the rainbow, the far view; the view within us as well as without. Our blood runs through it, our history is in the quick. Poet, novelist, essayist, dramatist, shall be ranked honorably in my republic. Shun those who cry out against fiction and have no taste for elegant writing." It is the defect of the Meredith novels that they do not remind us of the garden, the orchard, the fountain, the rainbow. They are too often intellectual exercises of a very high order, but, except in episodes, they are not the vivid creations of the vital imagination.

When all qualifications are made, however, Meredith's career will be remembered as one of singular dignity and purity of motive. Longing as he did, and as every healthy man must, for general recognition, he never strove for it. He went his own way with steadfast resolution; he was true to his standards and treated his art with the utmost seriousness; and if he was denied the larger recognition, he had the great reward of the profound respect and admiration of a host of people who counted him one of the masters of the Victorian Age.

AMERICAN BOOKS AND READERS

Next in importance to the writing of books is their proper distribution. To provide things which people need but fail to provide access to them is almost as disastrous as the failure to furnish the articles themselves. That this is to a considerable extent the present condition in the distribution of books in the United States is beyond question; and Professor Hugo Münsterberg's discussion of the subject in the March number of the Atlantic Monthly ought to be very widely read. The fact that one difficulty in the situation which he emphasizes has already been removed gives some ground for hope that the other difficulties may also be removed. Returning home from a recent trip on the European continent, Professor Münsterberg writes that America was visible everywhere; Americans were at every inn, American goods at every turn; every sort of article and every little device bearing the stamp of the United States and every American product lay in his path, except the American book. This book, he declares, is practically unknown on the Continent. Even in the bookstores which make a specialty of dealing in foreign literature American books were not to be had. They were not even to be found in large libraries. In scholarly congresses among reading men of all nations there was general ignorance of American books. They were spoken of with respect, but with the same kind of respect with which the Rocky Mountains were regarded. In answer to the question why these gentlemen were not reading American books, the usual reply was that it was too troublesome to get them. "Nobody knows where to find what is wanted."

The failure of the American book to make a proper appearance on the Continent is, in the opinion of Professor Münsterberg, an important matter, because it means the limitation of the influence of the American mind. American goods go everywhere. American devices of all sorts are known in every country; but American thought and American ideas do not travel with them. That the American scholar, poet, essayist, and novelist

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should not be as well known as the manufacturer of the American stove or of a cash register, that the hands of America should invade the whole world but that its mind should be so largely confined to its own continent, is one of the reasons, among others, why in the thought of Europe America is still the incarnation of crudity and materialism. It is natural that a country that sends its hams and its cooking-stoves to the ends of the earth but keeps its thoughts at home should be misunderstood. Professor Münsterberg comments on the haphazard selections of the translators of American writing, and says that it would seem as if the French, German, and Italian translators had chosen the least significant and important products of American thought for interpretation. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Poe, and to some extent Emerson, are well known in German translations; and among Amercian writers of the day Mr. Carnegie and Miss Helen Keller are oftenest seen in the windows of German bookshops; but the great mass of American writing is *terra incognita* to German readers who depend upon German translations. The great barrier against American authors on the Continent has been, in the judgment of Professor Münsterberg, the fact that the books of the foreign author were not protected against American piracy. The European author has not known that American writers and publishers have been urging the acceptance for the United States of the international copyright laws of Europe, but that the Typographical Unions have furnished the chief opposition. This opposition has vanished, the obstacle to which Professor Münsterberg refers no longer exists, and a reproach from which our civilization has long suffered has been removed by the new Copyright Law reported in The Outlook several weeks ago, which provides that books in foreign languages are henceforth to be admitted without condition into this country.

The failure to distribute American books adequately in Europe is, however, not as important as the failure to distribute them in this country. In Europe, Professor Münsterberg points out, the book-stores are the center of the reading community, and their number is increasing. In America, on the other hand, he declares that book-stores have been rapidly dying out, and that there are many large places in which not a single book-store can be found. In a German town of one hundred thousand inhabitants a dozen well-supplied book-shops can be found, and a large assortment of new books in every field is accessible to the customer, and if the book is not in stock, it may be secured in a day. New books are set out in a way which invites general inspection; and one of the chief uses of the book-shop is to afford possible purchasers the opportunity of knowing precisely what can be had. In this country, on the other hand, the average town of one hundred thousand inhabitants may have a dozen jewelry stores, Professor Münsterberg affirms, but not a single book-store. Books are "carried" by the department stores. They are sometimes adjuncts in other branches of business, where they find their place beside gloves and ribbons, dry goods and cigars. If there is a stationery shop, they may be had in small quantities, generally in connection with Yankee notions, leather goods, and Christmas presents of all sorts. They are often sold at a reduced price in order that the purchaser may be induced to buy something else—a bathing suit, a shirt-waist, or a trunk. There is some truth in this description of the state of things which now prevails in this country so far as the old-time book-store is concerned, but it conveys a misleading impression. The old-fashioned New England book-store kept by a man who knew books and loved them is rarely found in other parts of the country. There are in our large cities a few attractive book-shops where a man or a woman can examine the publications of a season and decide which to select; but outside of the very large cities there are very few book-shops of the old kind in the United States. There are, however, book-stores in most places of any size which fairly represent local tastes and meet local needs; stores which supply the grade of books the community wants, as the dry goods store furnishes the grade of dry goods in local demand.

Americans can get their books directly from the publishers, though this is a method within reach of comparatively

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few people. Information about books to-day is largely furnished by advertisements, and a great deal is done in this way for readers of books. In this country to-day large circulations for books are secured sometimes by skillful advertising; still oftener by the introduction of the book from man to man. Many people have the pleasant habit of mentioning to their friends books which have interested them, and in this way a book sometimes passes from the Atlantic to the Pacific without attracting wide public attention. But many good books are overlooked because they are not known, and there is a great loss to readers throughout the country because there is at present no adequate machinery for bringing books to their attention.

Professor Münsterberg is right in declaring that there ought to be a reform in the matter of book distribution; but his suggestion that in every large town a beautiful, well-supplied book-store be established is impracticable. The attempt has been made by a very influential association of publishers to secure for the small book-stores equality of conditions with the department stores; to protect the booksellers from the department stores which undersell the book trade for the sake of securing other kinds of business. But this attempt has failed both before the courts and as a matter of practical working.

American conditions, social, political, and economical, are radically different from the conditions which obtain in Germany; and it would be quite impossible to organize the book trade in this country as it is organized there. Methods of business must conform to fundamental conditions; and no attempt arbitrarily to impose mechanically devised methods will succeed. The most enterprising publishers have been working at this problem for several years past. In some cases they have taken a considerable step toward reuniting the maker of the book with the possible purchaser by districting the whole country, dealing intelligently and thoroughly with booksellers, and using advertising, not spasmodically and carelessly, but upon a plan, and generously; and they are appreciably approaching something like an adequate distribution of their books. It is along these lines, probably, that the problem will be solved. The fundamental work to be done, however, in order to secure the largest reading of the best books in this country is to educate its people to a knowledge of good and evil in literature. This is being done to a very considerable extent by many agencies; among them the libraries, the schools, and many magazines and newspapers.

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA AND AMERICA

Wherever the black man has come into contact with the civilization of the white man there has been trouble. In America such contact resulted in civil war. In the Congo country it has created the Congo question, which is still disturbing Belgium, England, and the United States. In Portuguese territory it has resulted in a slavery of the worst type. And now in South Africa, where men of Dutch origin and men of English origin are combining to create what may well be called a new nation, it has raised questions which bid fair to be disturbing for years to come. There can be no question as to which race is superior. Wherever the two races have come to an encounter, the white race has shown itself master. Sometimes it has shown its mastery by the exercise of force; more often by the exercise of ingenuity; most often by the exercise of knowledge and skill in developing the wealth of the earth. Where the two races have remained together on the same soil in modern times, the white race has kept itself distinct. Whether the feeling which has prompted this preservation of racial integrity be called race prejudice or something else, it has been effective. It shows, moreover, no signs of diminution. It has not prevented racial intermixture; but it has forced those of mixed blood to be classed with the inferior, not with the superior, race. In America and in Africa the race problem is therefore reduced to this: How shall the white race manage affairs so that the two races may live side by side separate and yet in amity? In other words, how shall the white race exercise its mastery by serving not only

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the interests of civilization, but also the interests of the blacks?

The answer to this question will be determined largely by the attitude which white men take toward the negro race. If they should regard it as constitutionally incapable of progress, they could not adopt the same policy as they would if they were to regard it as simply immature or backward. Those who really wish the race problem to be solved intelligently and justly must therefore first ask, Is the negro race capable of indefinite progress? If that question is answered affirmatively, the second question is, What methods should the white race pursue to promote that progress?

No little information which will help in answering those questions is found in a shelf-full of books which have been published within the last year or so. These books cover most of the stages which lie between the negro who is a cannibal chief in Africa and the negro who is a bank president in America. They give some pictures of negroes in varying stages of progress, and many—almost as varying—opinions about them. Let us take these books down one by one and glance at them.

We shall find that these books fall naturally into four classes. To the first belong three books on the negro in Africa. To the second belong two books by Southerners on the traits of negroes in America. To the third belongs a book relating what a Northerner observed of the relation between the negroes and their white neighbors. To the fourth belong two books which tell of what has been done for and by the negro in America to enable him to become a positive factor in American civilization.

Since the fifteenth century many travelers have gone from Europe to Africa and have brought back reports of the natives of that continent. Professor Jerome Dowd has collected in a volume (which forms one of a series on the Negro Races) the testimony of a large number of these travelers concerning three groups of these races: the Negritos, the Negritians, and the Fellatahs.[1] He has arranged this testimony and reported it in an interesting manner; and has accompanied it with a statement of his own conclusions. He has also been at some pains to test this mass of testimony by reference to such principles as he believes have been established by the science of anthropology. Some of his statements rather surprise the reader who expects to find that the treatment is based upon the best information. What he says about tigers in Africa, about the fatality of miasmatic exhalations, and about the "missing link" makes one doubt his judgment in other matters. Nevertheless the book is useful as a compilation of material which can be found, so far as we know, nowhere else in this compass. Next in order comes a volume which reports the author's own experiences on two rather circuitous expeditions through Africa from east to west. One of these was an official expedition to collect information for the British Museum. "From Ruwenzori to the Congo"[1] is a very entertaining book. It gives vivid pictures of the mountains and the jungle, and some practical hints about African travel. Our interest in it here, however, is in its description of the natives and their relations with the whites. (The writer, by the way, though a defender of the Congo Government against the charge of committing atrocities, confirms most emphatically, because unintentionally and half unconsciously, the more fundamental charges of oppression through forced labor and the appropriation of land.) Grouped with these two books is a volume on the South African Natives, prepared by the South African Native Races Committee of Great Britain (E. P. Dutton & Co.). This gives an account of the status of the natives in the British Colonies in South Africa and the efforts that missionary societies have made for their education.

From these volumes it is clear that races as well as individuals form habits. What we call racial character is the product of racial habits. Such habits are necessarily determined largely by conditions under which those races live. Nothing is more familiar than the attribution of indolence to the negro; but when it is remembered that most of these negro races have lived

[1] The Negro Races. Vol. I. By Jerome Dowd. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[1] From Ruwenzori to the Congo. By A. F. R. Wollaston. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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for centuries in a land where life could be sustained easily without industry, it is not surprising that industrious habits do not characterize those races. So with disregard for property. Among the African tribes the land and its products have been regarded, not as the property of individuals, but as the property of the tribe as a whole; it is therefore not surprising that the native has not formed the habit of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*. To condemn disinclination for hard labor in an African black as vicious indolence, or the disposition to carry away anything he may fancy as outrageous theft, is hardly just. The white man, schooled in industry and regard for property, has yet to learn that the way to deal with these racial habits is not to attack them with the lash and the firearm, but with industrial education. Even the missionary has not yet completely learned the lesson that you cannot successfully build a civilization of books and colleges without a foundation of industrial habits.

When the negroes were carried off by force to America, they did not drop their racial habits into the Atlantic on the way. The momentum of generations did not come to a full stop simply because these negroes found themselves slaves of American planters. Though slavery in America did establish in the negroes certain habits which they did not have before, it did not train them in the habit of voluntary industry or the habit of regard for property. The negroes of the South remained essentially as free from responsibility for self-support and for the preservation of property as they were in Africa.

The two books by Southerners, which come next in order, deal with the distinctive traits of the negro as if they were the product of biological heredity. Both Mr. Stone in his Studies in the American Race Problem [1] and Mr. Shannon in his Racial Integrity [2] make a sharp distinction between the mulatto and the pure-blooded negro, and make it clear that they regard physical inheritance as a determining factor in the formation of racial traits. There are, however, no trustworthy statistics which can be used as a basis for any conclusion with regard to the mulatto element among the American negroes; and if there were, they could not be such as to weaken the logical presumption that racial traits are the product of racial habits. It must be remembered that those colored people who are of white descent have lived, in some cases for several generations, in a different environment from that which has surrounded the great mass of the blacks. These two books, therefore, fair as they both are in spirit, cast little direct light upon the negro. They are valuable, however, as presenting points of view which must be considered in the study of the attitude which the white man holds toward the negro.

In a group by itself stands a book by a Northerner who spent some time in observing various aspects of the race problem, principally in the South. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's "Following the Color Line" [1] is essentially a piece of journalism. As such it is very successful. Its chief value, perhaps, is found in its record of the attempt on the part of members of both races to develop a spirit and method of co-operation. It puts upon the stage, as it were, the various forces that are engaged in the struggle toward a final adjustment between the whites and the blacks; it presents the external side of that struggle, but it does not interpret very profoundly the mind either of the various elements among the negroes or of the various elements among the white people. Mr. Baker has not succeeded in understanding the feeling of those Southerners who, whatever they may think about the capacities of the negroes, are inexorable in their determination that the white race shall remain distinct.

Most important of all are two books which, from different points of view, show what has been achieved in developing the undeveloped sides of negro character. The volume entitled "Letters from Port Royal" tells a most interesting story of an experiment undertaken in the islands off the coast of South Carolina during the Civil War.[2] A group of Northern people established what would in these days be called a social settlement. They built

[1] Studies in the American Race Problem. By Alfred Holt Stone. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
[2] Racial Integrity. By A. H. Shannon. Printed for the Author. Nashville, Tenn., and Dallas, Texas.

[1] Following the Color Line. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
[2] Letters from Port Royal. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. W. B Clarke Company, Boston.

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up schools, took charge of the planting and merchandizing of cotton, directed the negroes' industry, took the place of the Southern whites who had withdrawn because of the war. In spite of political and military obstacles, in spite of the character of the blacks, whom one of the company describes as "the most degraded and barbarous of their race in the country," in spite of discouragements of all sorts, they succeeded, as Mrs. Pearson says, in proving that the negro would work, and that he was as a free laborer less expensive than as a slave. They were the pioneers in that movement for industrial education which has become a mighty force in the development of both races to-day. The picture which they draw of these simple, half-savage, but on the whole docile blacks is most entertaining; but more impressive is the proof they bring out of their experience that education of such a race, like that of any race, can come only through laborious effort. Of all this shelf-full of books, this volume of letters is the one of most permanent value. Compared with the very rudimentary beginnings of economic independence described in these capitally written letters, the achievements of negroes recounted by Dr. Booker Washington in his volume on "The Negro in Business" [1] show an astonishing advance. The volume is in two main parts. In one Dr. Washington describes the careers of individual negroes; in the other he presents a survey of the American negro's economic status. The facts which Dr. Washington gives in this book are full of encouragement for the negro and are enlightening to the white man.

The general effect of all these books is to give common answers to the three questions which we stated at the outset. Those answers may be briefly stated as follows: First, the line between the races is as definite as ever; indeed, as the blacks rise in civilization, their own determination, as well as that of the whites, that the races shall remain separate, grows stronger. The feeling for race distinction seems to be ineradicable. Second, there is no sign of any limitation upon the capacity of the negro for progress. Whatever may be the racial traits ascribed to the negro, they can in course of time be altered for the better or the worse by natural and social environment. Third, the education of a race must and will come through effort applied by that race to what is near at hand; and therefore the greatest service the white race can render to the negro race is to encourage and assist the members of that race to become immediately useful members of society. In other words, the chief value of industrial education is as a moral force.

[1] The Negro in Business. By Booker T. Washington. Hertel, Jenkins & Co., Boston and Chicago.

THE SPECTATOR

It was in the Agassiz Museum of Natural History, in Cambridge. The Spectator was poring over a caseful of lichens—the fungi are pets of his in an amateur way—when a weary little voice smote his ear. "Rin-o-dia ra-di-a-ta," it spelled painfully. "Humanly speaking, now, *what* is that?" With the tail of his eye the Spectator glanced round. Bride and groom, beyond a doubt. The bride was a dainty little creature with a face meant to be vivid and sparkling, from which, for the present, every trace of animation had been drained away. Not a line of her figure but drooped, and—final sign of mental exhaustion and despair—she trailed her umbrella. With accusing forefinger outstretched, she stood glaring at a caseful of—were they fossils, or gone-to-seed corals, or merely sample paving-stones? "Humanly speaking, *what* is that?" The groom looked fondly down at the wrathful little figure. "All right, Agatha," said he. "I don't believe improving your mind agrees with you. Come on; let's go and see the glass flowers." And he swept her away toward the stairs.

Left behind, the Spectator found himself looking around the hall with the bride's eyes. For anything his retina told him, that room might have been the veriest dumping-ground of science. The dun-colored things in the cases did not so much as belong to the same natural kingdom. There were trunks of trees, and coarse seaweeds, and rocks, and mummified lumps which might have been wasps' nests, and shriveled leafy branches, and

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the Spectator can swear to at least one butterfly. There was nothing to tell the natural man that rocks and tree-trunks were not the real specimens. Here was a withered branch labeled "*Vaccinium corymbosum* distorted by *Calyptospora Goeppertiana*," but no humane translation advertised it as a branch of the common blueberry suffering under the attack of an ill-favored fungus smut or blight. The Spectator bent over the case which in particular had drawn down the bride's displeasure. On the surface of the dull gray stones it contained he was able to discern by close scrutiny certain patches of pale stain which betrayed the presence of a low form of rock-disintegrating fungus. But the noncommittal Latin label said nothing of all that. "Cryptogams" does not raise a very vivid image in the mind of the bride and groom or the average housekeeper or the average man in the street. So far as unscientific visitors were concerned, that room was a closed book.

Nobody knows better than the Spectator that the Agassiz Museum is a university laboratory, not a public playground. If the public can contrive to extract amusement from it, so much to the good; but it is no part of the duty of the University to look after their pleasure or even their intellectual enlightenment, unless they happen to go to Harvard. That people, especially children, do extract amusement out of the birds and shells and stuffed animals he was able swiftly to satisfy himself by a tour of the echoing halls. But he also came upon more than one group in a state bordering on collapse, dragging their weary limbs through rooms full of things in which they had not the faintest spark of interest. It was Saturday, a bright spring day, and crowds of promenaders seemed to be taking the musuem as an extension of the promenade, looking at the collections in the large as if they were scenery, and manifestly finding the scenery little to their taste. There are parts of the museum that may be taken that way—can hardly be taken in any other way by the uninitiated. The Spectator wondered whether it would not be kind to post labels over certain portions of the collection: THIS ROOM OF NO EARTHLY INTEREST TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

A little reflection convinced him, however, that this would be of little avail. The great American public is nothing if not intellectually conscientious. Watch it at an exposition. The Spectator recalls how at the Pan-American—where the real spectacle was the beautiful shell that held the exhibits, not the exhibits themselves—the populace put itself through rigid courses of wheat-sheaves and coffee-berries in the Agricultural Building, and machines in the Electrical Building, stopping nowhere long enough to absorb more than one corner of an idea, and then rushed off to the boisterous Midway for dessert. And all the while they would have been better employed in watching the colored reflections in the lagoons, submitting to the silent æsthetic education of the eye. No, you cannot keep the descendants of the Puritans out of any place where knowledge is supposedly to be gained, by any mere verbal advertisement of dullness. Not, that is, when the descendants of the Puritans are out for information.

All the more welcome, therefore, are the multiplying signs that the makers of museums are adopting a new attitude toward the public. Time was when a museum, even though it had no connection with a university, was arranged primarily for the comfort and welfare of the specimens. It was a storehouse. Unbeautiful as to general setting, permeated by ancient preservative odors, masked in delicate films of gray dust, it was yet a perfectly safe home for dead birds and beasts. The public was admitted, at owner's risk. There were commonly no seats. Nobody cared what became of visitors so long as they did not disturb the specimens. Hundreds of such inhospitable halls of science are still to be found. But their day is over. Sooner or later they will be forced to adapt themselves to a new ideal.

The Spectator suspects that the expositions began it. He remembers an exhibit in the Fisheries Building in Chi-

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cago. It was a small case setting forth the sad history of the oyster and his salt-water foes. It was all there—the fat starfish draping themselves over the living oyster's shell to suck him out of house and home, the "tangles" used by oystermen to catch and destroy the wicked starfish, the stony sea-worms which, coiling tighter and tighter, smother the wretched bivalve in his own shell. What you could not see for yourself you could read, for lecturettes were posted conveniently on each side of the case. Here was canned science with the can-opener handy!

Go, if you have not lately made the pilgrimage, and see how the public is treated at the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park. Look at the beauty of the long Romanesque front on Seventy-seventh Street, that reminds one of a French château. Note the air of monumental gayety about the entrance rotunda, tinted a warm, luminous cream and embellished with snowy busts of great men of science. Pass directly forward into the Eskimo room to dazzle yourself with the latest innovation. Frescoes in a museum of natural history! Arctic life, arctic mythology, all done in the unthinkable colors of Arctic midnight sunshine, so that when you bend over the dead things in the cases—the models of igloos, the sledges, the whole paraphernalia of Eskimo housekeeping—you may think them easily into their proper place in the world of the living.

Here is a museum that is fun, a museum that is a feast to the eye, and at the same time a museum which proposes to teach you something in spite of yourself. Mention has been made of a butterfly standing out from among the desiccated riddles in that room in the Agassiz Museum. The Spectator learned something from that butterfly, for he was provided with a talking label. When he closed his flashing wings, that insect looked like a dead leaf—not *any* dead leaf, but a particular oddly shaped kind shown alongside him in the case. And so far had he carried his protective mimicry that the markings on the brown under sides of his wings precisely matched certain patches of fungus to which that kind of leaf is peculiarly liable. Here is imitation fairly Chinese! Here, too, is scientific information that sticks in the mind.

The talking label has been carried all lengths in the museum in Central Park. Go up into the bird-room on the second floor. In an alcove you shall find an exposé of the family secrets of the screech-owl. There's a five-foot length of tree-trunk containing the nest. There's the round hole where Madame Screech-owl pops in. There she sits in the feather, perched on a branch with a section of young rabbit in her beak. And then, if you look in at an observation door cut in the side of the trunk, you may see the nest and downy gray babies within. All very exquisitely done. None of the stiff-wired, lay-figure posing which once we called "natural" mounting of birds. These birds were handled by men who knew a hawk from a screech-owl. And then there's the label. If there is anything of human interest that you don't know about screech-owls when you've read it through, go ask the docent.

They don't call her a docent, though; she's an instructor. But she will convoy you through any special section of the museum, supplementing the labels out of the riches of her nature-lore; that is, she will guide you if you forewarn her of your visit two days in advance. The Spectator discovered her towing about a whole eager fleet of public school children. Not every tired public school teacher has time or inclination for genuine first-hand nature study, though most of them must pretend to teach it. But here were the youngsters catching the contagion of interest by the natural method. It was a delight to see the flame of excitement run from responsive face to face. The Spectator thought with a sigh of his own timid, awe-struck tiptoeings round the grim and gloomy precincts of the Natural History rooms in his boyhood's town. It was a place in which to enlarge the mind with wonder, but not a place to learn anything, unless perchance one knew it before. "Humanly speaking," yes, thank goodness, the museums are doing that now.

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DECORATION DAY

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

Flags and the band and marching—
Of faithful veteran feet,
Fathers, young men, and children
With voices shrill and sweet;
And Lincoln's spirit marching in every shining line,
And Lincoln's peace and freedom lit with the smile Divine!
Flags and the band and marching—
Banners that proudly wave,
May, green upon the meadows
And on the soldier's grave;
The boys in blue are ashes 'neath the lilacs on their sod,
But their souls are free forever with Lincoln and with God!
Flags and the band and marching—
And the drum-beat's steady throb.
Pipe on above, O Robin,
To drown a sudden sob!
The laurel wreath for heroes dead! And a cheer for all the brave
Who march with Lincoln's soul to-day to liberate and save!

SANE MOTORING—OR INSANE?

BY MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

WAS it not Thackeray who said somewhere, in effect, that a gentleman is one who shows consideration for others? A strict and rigid interpretation of this would, it is feared, place a great many self-styled gentlemen upon the "waiting list." Whoever said or wrote it, or whatever the exact wording, the point stands out as clear as the blazing midday sun that gentlemanly instincts naturally beget such consideration. There is the crux of the whole question of sane or insane automobile driving. Where the gentleman truly exists—not the kind to be judged by his well-dressed exterior and usual politeness, but one who inwardly is naturally refined and considerate—there is too much respect for the rights and safety of others to permit him to jeopardize their lives. This reckless, senseless thirst for cannon-balling along the highways; dashing with skidding wheels around blind curves; shooting here and there like a battering-ram among the fearful throng of a crowded city; skyrocketing over the top of a hill, flashing like a meteor into the terrorized view of those unfortunates coming up the other side—these, but samples of the reckless acts of the decency-forgetting driver, find but scant sympathy in the hearts of the gentlemen aforesaid.

This mania, or what you may choose to call it—a new development of nerve action in this already fast-moving world—brings out that in the man which his best and closest friends knew not of. It has brought to the surface characteristics hitherto not known to exist. Safe and sane, law-abiding citizens suddenly become possessed with a recklessness akin to that of the Asiatic fanatic led into religious strife. We all know men having, in other respects, a deference and respect for law and order, but who, when in an automobile, throw all this to the winds and smash all laws of the land applicable to the safety of the wayfarer—shatter them as a trip-hammer

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would a pingpong ball! It is a curious fact that often the loudest remonstrant against the misuse of motor cars suddenly becomes possessed of one, and grows to be one of the worst offenders.

A rather amusing attempt to bring the automobile speed within reason occurred in California. Outside of one of the large cities many efforts had been made, by the use of warning signs, to slow the cars down, but still an endless procession of automobiles moved along in total disregard of the wishes of the community. Finally, in desperation, some one, thinking to appeal to the motorist's good nature, hung a tremendous canvas sign across the highway, reading, in letters staring to heaven:

AUTOMOBILISTS WILL PLEASE SLOW DOWN TO SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR

One vacationist, with a camp bordering on a New Hampshire lake, placed large signs to be seen by those approaching from either direction, warning them that it was dangerous going. It really was not dangerous for the automobilist, but for the camper and his family. He wished to avoid the necessity of building a subway so that his children might cross the highway to the lake shore without being in constant peril of their lives. Another method of relief has been the building of a series of "thank-you-marms," and these have often worked most remarkably well for the protection of the abutters.

But the necessity for such methods is its own commentary.

There is an exhilaration and excitement about rushing over the inequalities of the earth in the equivalent of a combination of private locomotive and Pullman coach. We are intoxicated for the moment with this comparatively new mode of locomotion. But we will sober off. The writer ventures the statement that, as time goes on, many men will be brought face to face with what it all means, and a realization of their evil doings. They will experience a disagreeable shock when they see themselves as they appear to others, and their faces will suddenly grow hot with shame.

It is needless to enumerate here the many kinds of recklessness that have led to hundreds of severe physical injuries and to many—fearful to contemplate—fatalities; though later on will be given some suggestions toward their prevention. But there are some few points where the gentleman and the boor are distinguished in the flash of an eye. Not instances where the police have cause to claim their own, but where one of the great unwritten laws is broken, the "Law of Common Decency." A few illustrations will best serve the purposes of explanation.

It was Easter morning; the bells were loudly proclaiming the sanctity of the day, and in a little suburban town the population had gladly answered the call. The main street—a thoroughfare—was lined with those filled with the Christian spirit. The day was bright, and people had donned their newest and best, as custom has long decreed. The highway was deep in dust. Suddenly the music of the chimes was harshly interrupted by the shriek of the "siren"—a nerve-racking instrument that should be confined to tugboats plying on the River Styx—and down through the hastily parting crowd sped an automobile, exceeding the proverbial forty miles an hour. And all was dark; the sun obliterated; neighbor elbowing neighbor, sneezing and coughing; gowns and hats impregnated with dust. As the lazy breeze slowly cleared the atmosphere, and one person could see another, the expressions of countenances and the low, fearfully spoken words were hardly in keeping with Easter morn. It was inexcusable. The driver was the owner, and a man who should represent the decencies of life. He saw the crowd, and knew of the unusual dusty condition. As a contrast to this more than discourteous act is the man who always slows his car whenever he passes others, walking or riding, if the dust is likely to be disagreeable.

The weather has changed. It is now muddy; deep, sloppy mud, standing in puddles. A finely gowned woman attempts to cross the street; an automobile horn warns her back. Mind you! warns back, does not slow down and wait for her to pass on. It was a street corner; a large puddle just in front of the woman and plainly visible to the driver. She saw pending misfortune—and so must have the man guiding the car—for she drew

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back as quickly and as far as she could, but not far enough, for through the mud, at a smashing pace, plowed the automobile. Mud—black, nasty, sticky, liquid mud—spread out from the wheels like the stream from a hydrant, and played its course of ruination across the woman's skirt, and down it ran in myriads of streams and dripped, dripped to the ground. The career of that costume was ended. The driver saw the result of his handiwork out of the corner of his eye; a smile of intelligence flitted across his face, and on he fled. Those in the tonneau saw with but passing interest. The woman on the pavement saw and felt; gazed a moment after the pampered, cowardly son of luxury, and then, when too late, bethought herself of the number and looked intently where it should be; again looked at her skirt, and burst into tears. Who paid for the gown?

During a recent automobile show in one of the large cities the same thing happened to two women, standing side by side, and they wrote to one of the large daily papers a description of the dastardly action, and, giving the number of the car, which they had been fortunate enough to decipher, likewise asked the question, "Who pays for our ruined gowns?"

The writer has seen this sort of totally unnecessary thing happen so many times that he is becoming accustomed to it, and so not to expect thoughtful conduct, and consequently runs to cover on muddy days. The automobilist does not expect the pedestrian to do anything but to get out of his way. His signal means that all other inferior persons, even though riding or driving, must at once flee for their lives, and be thankful to escape death or mutilation. Many drivers acquire a sense of ownership of the highways not warranted by the facts.

Instruct your chauffeur to go into "intermediate speed," if a gasoline car, under such circumstances, as likely to bespatter way and dress. If you drive yourself, well, don't you know what to do? If you had intelligence enough to get together the wherewithal to buy a car, you ought to have intelligence enough to pick up the rudiments of what go to make a gentleman.

Consider this: You are riding in a car, covering the ground at a respectable rate of speed, at the legal limit—for the place—of twenty miles an hour; no more and no less: a rate at which no one can pass you without breaking the law. Suddenly you hear the rapid hum of a motor on your left, and, like a rocket, a flying mass of steel shoots by, and you are taking the dust. We will not, in this instance, complain of the passing, although it has just been made clear why there was no excuse for so doing. It is another point we will bring out—the speeding by without a warning signal from the horn. Some States demand by law a notice of intention to pass when approaching from the rear. But the driver fears you will put on more power and not let him by if he warns you of his intention. So up he creeps and makes a dash for it. That is where the porcine element makes an exhibition of itself. But there is another element—one of danger. Suppose, before you are aware of his near approach, that you swing to the left to avoid something in the road, or for other perfectly proper reason; a collision is the outcome. The law does not expect you to guard, except to a reasonable degree, against those approaching from behind. The burden of responsibility rests largely upon him who tries to pass.

These are a few, very few, of the too many kinds of road boorishness to be daily met with. But if they cause some of you readers to pause and turn the limelight on yourselves to some good end, there will be rejoicing among the angels. You drivers and owners are not bad or inconsiderate at heart; you are, for the moment, carried away by the fascination of the great and easily controlled power at your command. Ask yourselves what acts of the foregoing nature you have been thoughtlessly guilty of, and avoid them in the future. It is not, after all, the accidents alone that are to be considered, but restriction of the free and pleasurable use of the highways. Note how the automobile, from one cause and another, is driving other pleasure traffic off, in many instances.

The writer does not intend to class all drivers among the guilty. There are almost countless examples of the other kind.

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There was a big touring car coming down the road toward an approaching hay-rack loaded with empty barrels; a farmer anticipating a bounteous apple crop. The driver of the car at once forced it well to one side of the narrow way, well into the bushes—leaving the crown of the road clear—and then shut off his power. He was taking no chances with such a load of freight as he saw ahead. The farmer drove his horses past with some difficulty. Then he stopped and looked back at the automobilist in surprise, and, with slow, measured words, said, "Stranger, I thank ye. I have been hauling barrels going on a week; have met a dozen or more on 'em, but you're the fust that ever stopped. All the rest jest scooted by, skeered the animals into the ditch, and jest laughed at us. Thank ye!"

Once I was in the Green Mountains, the road narrow and along the edge of the pond, but there was no trouble to pass a vehicle if the horse were not afraid. The writer was a guest on the tour; he knew he was in the hands of one who would give him no cause to blush for his misdeeds. A horse, wagon with sample cases, and a lone man of generous proportions hove into sight. Evidently the man was a commercial traveler covering the small towns away from the railways. The horse at once showed signs of nervousness. The car was turned to one side, machinery stopped, and the chauffeur sent to lead the horse by, which, with some difficulty, was finally accomplished. After reaching a point of safety, the commercial one vigorously remarked: "Well, I am glad to meet a gentleman at last!"

There was absolutely nothing in all this to deserve praise; it was only what any one might and should do; but it is to the everlasting shame of the automobile world that that man's experience should have been such as to have brought forth a declaration with so obvious a meaning.

One owner has posted in his garage the following set of rules for his chauffeur:

The car must be treated as my property, and must not be used for your convenience or personal affairs. It is to be taken from the garage only upon orders of some member of the family.

You will be held responsible for fines and damages incurred while running the car alone, or with only minors or employees in the car.

Blow the horn before attempting to pass other vehicles from behind, and on approaching cross roads or corners around which you cannot see.

Pass other vehicles from behind on the left.

Go slowly around curves and corners and over crossings.

Don't cut corners; keep well to the right.

Run the car for the comfort of those on the back seat.

Don't rush into narrow places.

Don't try to see how near you can come to things without hitting them.

Keep the car and yourself clean and neat.

At the risk of including some ideas tending to sane and cautious motoring, which are known to almost all, and some ideas that are known to many, the writer modestly offers these suggestions:

There is no such thing as a "surely" clear road ahead, even in the open country, over which those who chafe at the speed laws may "let her out." A single experience will help to prove this.

We could see miles ahead; the road was straight, fringed with bushes, and was clear until the sides converged to nothing, like the rails of a railway lost in the distance. "Open her up," said the owner. "This is one of the safe places to make time." Some one remonstrated, and, while the discussion was on, we were "brought up standing" by an application of both brakes and to the noise of the piercing squeal of grinding tires. With no warning whatsoever, a heavily laden farm wagon had suddenly swung out of the brush directly into the highway Our lights were jammed against its wheels.

No! there is no such heavenly Mecca for the automobilist as a "surely clear" road, except on a desert or a protected track. The State speed laws are, on the whole, reasonable. It is a fact that accidents rarely happen to traffic in view, but to what cannot be seen.

And then there are children in the road. You may say they have no business there. Didn't you do it once? You had no business to tie a cat to your neighbor's doorbell, but maybe you did, or its equivalent. You were not worth raising unless you did something of that kind. Let us accept children as part of the scheme of the universe, and give them the road! If some poor urchins didn't play there,

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they would have a pretty poor chance of it.

When you see a child ahead on the sidewalk, trim your sails, on the supposition that he will run across the road before you get there; if he is running, be sure that he will dodge in front of you; and if he is playing in the road, make up your mind that he will unquestionably precipitate himself under your car as you pass. In other words, count him as movable as a flea, and go slowly.

In time the juvenile will grow to have the same wholesome fear and respect for the dangers of the highway as we of the elder generation have of the railways. We were taught from early childhood to use extreme caution in crossing or walking upon a railway track. With us it became second nature to exercise vigilance at such times, but we start too late in life to acquire this same instinct in relation to highways. The present child, however, will be taught this sense of care, and the next generation of "grown-ups" will show a lessened percentage of accidents, due to their own carelessness, than the present one.

When you turn into a road or driveway leading to the left, or make any turn that carries you across the course of a possible passing car or vehicle going your way, first look behind. This, of course, does not apply to right turns.

Do not pass a car moving in the same direction as yourself without having proper care for the warning signals, as already stated; and, still further, do not pass without being sure that there is no other vehicle approaching from the opposite direction. It is difficult to swing to the left and turn to the right at the same time, and, for this reason, do not make any attempt to pass a car or vehicle going in the same direction, when coming to or on a curve.

The less you use your "Gabriel," "siren," or other ear-splitting device, the better for the comfort of those within and without the car. Use your hand horn with a gentleman's touch, and reserve the atmosphere piercers for emergencies. They are valuable at times, but many people, especially sick ones, prefer other music.

Even when going around turns, or operating in any place where it is desirable to sound a horn for fear of running into an approaching vehicle from some point not clear to the vision, it is not sufficient simply to blow the horn and go on at a reckless, headlong pace; the intermediate speed is none too slow for such places.

It may be worth while to suggest that it is always helpful to the person driving a horse to have the automobile driver avoid changing gears when near or about to pass him, as the sudden noise of meshing cogs may intensify the horse's fright, if at all uneasy. This same thoughtfulness may be carried still further by never turning on the power when, by so doing, a passing or near-by timid horse is likely to be startled. It would seem, however, that this is the favorite pastime on the part of many chauffeurs when tinkering their cars by the roadside.

"Don't talk to the motorman" is a threadworn expression, but it applies. At least, use some judgment in the diverting of his attention. The president of one of our largest railways took for his chauffeur a locomotive engineer with the longest and best record which his company could offer. There was reason in it. It's no child's play to run a motor car. No license should be granted to one under eighteen, and probably to one under twenty-one years of age, and never to a woman, unless, possibly, for a car driven by electric power. The writer was recently discussing the question with an old locomotive engineer, with years of experience, who expounded these words of wisdom:

"Running an engine is play to driving one of them automobiles. I have been driving this one going on a year. I thought I had responsibility when I was on the road, and I sure did have more people on my hands; but, bless ye, it wasn't in it with this job. Didn't I have a special right of way, a man at headquarters moving me by telegraph, and all the other trains, too? Didn't I have men ahead to set the switches and keep the track clear? I didn't have to steer, and besides I had a fireman to help to tend to things. Lord of love! Just look at all those things I have to watch and handle; and I have to steer, and set my own switches, too!"

An old tugboat captain looked in dis-

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gust at a spoiled child of about thirteen tooting his horn and pushing his way through a crowded street. The seaman vented his wrath on me, a stranger. But he evidently needed a safety-valve :

"Look at that, sir! That's a nice pilot for a ship of that kind. Why, I couldn't get a license to manage a two-cat-power steam-launch, just for my own pleasure and not allowed to carry passengers at all, without going through a long written examination, stiffer 'n a taut anchor rope, on how to manage her, and all about the coast, the buoys, lighthouses, signals of all kinds, harbors and channels, and lots else; then have to show up a long term of seagoing experience besides. What do they want that for? Not for my safety—not by a durn sight; neither for the passengers', for I don't get a license to carry any. They want to keep me from running afoul of some other boats, and from making myself a danger and general nuisance to navigation. Well, don't you think that half-baked kid is a danger to something besides himself? Ain't the shippin' on this highway here thicker 'n in any channel you ever see?

"Why, I saw in the papers this morning, in headlines as big as a ship's name, that a little runt of only eleven had been given a license. Everybody appeared proud, even those who granted the 'papers.'"

Take no stock in the statement which an enthusiast may make that he can jam his brake down and stop his car in its length when running at some stated fast rate. Brakes do not always live up to expectations. One that had acted perfectly a few moments before has been known to fail utterly when next put to the test. Grease under the brake bands, for example. The "brakes failed to work" has appeared too many times in accounts of disaster. This sublime faith in ability to stop suddenly is often a forerunner of misfortune.

While discussing this subject, have you noticed how often cars are left on grades more or less steep with nothing to hold them but the "emergency"? It is not at all uncommon for one to start slowly and rapidly gather headway, which may or may not result in a smash, according to whether some agile person succeeds in getting into the driver's seat in time. This is much more likely to occur if the car is left with the power on than otherwise. Trig the wheels, or cramp one against the curb.

The slouchy, careless way in which many drivers sit at and operate the wheel is totally inexcusable. In the first place, many do not grip the wheel properly; the grip should always be downward, for so many reasons that it seems almost useless to enumerate them. But certainly not the least among these is the fact that the upward grip is less secure in case of a sudden jolt, or the explosion of a shoe, particularly a front one, which might, if at speed, throw the steering entirely out of control unless well in hand with a firm downward grip. This need of a constant, sure hold upon the steering gear is a thing to be most strenuously emphasized. The careless driver who operates with one hand while pointing out the beauties of the scenery with the other, or who swings around and carries on a running conversation with the people on the rear seat, or even takes his hand off long enough to wipe his nose, is taking large chances, for a fatal accident actually occurred due to this last fact.

The foregoing considerations furnish good reasons why smoking and driving do not safely go hand in hand; and right here it may be pertinent to touch upon the question of drink. There are many owners who absolutely abstain from the use of intoxicants, even if otherwise accustomed to take them, when they expect soon to operate a car; and they are right, because, whereas no accident may follow, if it did, gossip may give a wrong color to the affair. The Motor World has made the statement that most of the fatal automobile accidents have occurred on the way home from country clubs and road-houses, instead of on the way there, and suggests that the moral is painfully obvious. The writer of this article doubts the truth of that statement; but if there is any approximation thereto, it is a strong indorsement of the belief that driving an automobile calls for as much sobriety as the operating of a locomotive, and that the offender, in either case, should be permanently disqualified if found guilty.

Do not cover too many miles a day

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with your car. No man may, with safety, drive much to exceed one hundred miles and keep it up. Railway accidents occur from obliging an engineer to stay at the throttle an excessive length of time. If you divide the driving with your chauffeur, that is another matter; but give him the easy end of it if you are on a tour, because he should be in shape to put in some good work on the machinery and running gear between each day's run. You must either get in early enough for him to do it towards evening, or delay your departure to a suitable hour in the morning. If your car is neglected, you will harvest an unwelcome crop of troubles, and if you overwork your driver, upon whom your life, and possibly the life of your family, depends, you are taking long chances.

There was related by one of the participants of a long day's run—way into the night—this experience. The man beside the driver suddenly felt the car sway as they were bowling along at an exceedingly high rate. With a life saving inspiration, he grasped the wheel and held the car to its course. "Asleep at the helm," and the driver known by reputation to many people as one of the best!

These figures speak volumes:

In the three months ending September 21, 1907, forty-one persons were killed and three hundred and thirteen injured in automobile accidents in the State of Massachusetts. There were two hundred and eleven collisions besides the three hundred and forty-five recorded in the newspapers during the same time. Even making allowances for the lessened use of the automobile in winter, this would show an astounding total for a twelve-month's period. Using these figures as a basis of computation, with allowances for fewer automobiles in the less populous States, it would indicate an annual slaughter and maiming that bring this sport in the same class with Sherman's description of war.

The belief prevailing in the minds of many that no judge or jury will give an unprejudiced decision when an automobilist is brought up before the law is largely due to the little respect shown thereto by most of the fraternity. It seems to the writer that however much the Automobile Associations may criticise the operating of traps to catch the unwary, the stand of these associations against the enforcement of the law is not, on the whole, a good one. The invitations sent out of late by one of these associations to join it contained the supposed inducement that men would be displayed in its colors to warn automobilists of the location of such traps. This same thing is done in England and elsewhere.

The regulation of this traffic is still in its early stage, and the police find it a problem hard to deal with; they are criticised rather for omission than commission. The newspapers teem with complaints in this regard. A letter from one of Boston's most prominent men to his daily paper contains this complaint:

"Have we killed people enough, or do the automobile drivers wish a few more victims? Three cases this week of death or injury should suffice, but the fast men of the road may need more . . . for they are running at the usual pace this morning. The secretary of the automobile club hastens to court to defend the chauffeur who has blood on his head. It would be an interesting question whether a man shooting a chauffeur in defense of his life in the road would be punished, and certainly the dangers from an automobile are much greater than from the ordinary footpad. Shall we keep the reputation of a law-abiding, order-loving community long if we break the law every ten minutes?"

Many are the projects for mechanical control of the speed. One favorite and impracticable suggestion, from those not well informed, is to gear the cars so that they will not run in excess of a limited speed. Another, an automatic "cut out" attachment to the engine that will shut off the power at, say, twenty miles an hour, and retain it so until slowed down below that speed. Still another, and more reasonable—as advanced in an admirable article in the Atlantic Monthly recently—a device which will display signals according to the speed. Thus every car would carry its own proof of law breaking, or abiding, in plain sight of all.

If the lovers of this fascinating means of conveyance do not wish some of the proposed State regulation, they must begin—and that soon—to mend their ways.

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We shall finally reach a point where the cost of road repair alone will necessitate this, as no people can stand the burdensome tax needed to heal the wounds made by fast-moving cars. It approximates the truth to state that at over twenty miles an hour the automobile is a road destroyer, but at a less rate, in many instances, it becomes a road-maker, or at least harmless. Viewing it in this manner, it is very possible that the question of speed, from the standpoint of danger to the community, will gradually be lost sight of before the greater question of taxation for highway repair; for the matter of expense will appeal more directly to lawmakers than any other phase of the situation.

This all seems very contradictory to the theory advanced by those who advocate the removal of all speed limits, with the idea of making the driver responsible for recklessness endangering others, regardless of speed; thus permitting an unlimited rate where the way seems clear and accidents of remote probability.

Let us hope—if the arguments in this article are based upon sound premises—that automobilists, as a body, will begin to realize the true situation of affairs, and so conduct themselves as to avoid the necessity for drastic legislation.

AMERICA AND THE FAR EASTERN QUESTION

BY LEBBEUS REDMAN WILFLEY

FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES AND EX-JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES COURT FOR CHINA

MR. Thomas F. Millard, by reason of his frequent and prolonged visits to the Orient and his careful study of conditions in that part of the world, has become an authority on Far Eastern affairs. His first book, entitled "The New Far East," appeared about three years ago. He now brings out a second work, entitled "America and the Far Eastern Question" (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York). This book covers a wide range of subjects, is written particularly from the standpoint of America, is based on first-hand information, and contains an absolutely fearless expression of the author's observations and deductions. It therefore possesses peculiar interest and significance.

In Mr. Millard's opinion, the issues involved in the questions now arising in the Far East constitute the greatest international problem of the present century. China, he thinks, is the crux of the problem; and, in his view, America is destined to play a large part in bringing about a proper solution of it.

"When the Eastern situation is considered in the light of recent events and present circumstances," says Mr. Millard, "one is compelled to conclude that international equilibrium there can only be restored and maintained by creating a new balance of power; one which will be established on a different base, and which will contain a new element of strength and stability. This can be supplied, in my opinion, only by direct and active participation of the United States of America. Between the United States and China is a genuine community of interests, which has no proportionate parallel with the relations of our Nation and any other Oriental state. If this is true, it is evident that no international arrangement or understanding having in mind the fate of China and the course of events there, which does not to some extent accord with the interests and desires of the United States, will possess any real vitality, nor give any genuine assurance that peace will be maintained in the East."

In the author's opinion, the enforcement of our Far Eastern policy by the Government of the United States at the present time is of no less national importance than was the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine. On this subject he makes the following observation:

It is probable that historians of the rise of the United States as a world power will mark two major crises of American diplo-

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macy. The first is that which determined its attitude toward the development of the western hemisphere. The second well may be the formulation of a policy that definitely will delimit the fundamental relation of the United States to the Far Eastern Question.

The Washington Government must decide whether, in the crisis which is approaching, it will actively move to compel a satisfactory solution, or will permit American interests to continue to drift on the current of events; whether it will formulate its own policy, or have one thrust upon it; whether it will lead or follow. For that the United States *must* have a Pacific Ocean policy cannot be doubted. American statesmen and people may shrink from participation in the Eastern Question, but it inevitably will intrude upon them; and it is bound up in the fate of China. This great Empire will be the storm center of the forthcoming diplomatic struggle, and the scene of any international conflicts which failure of peaceful adjustment will provoke. As the Monroe Doctrine invokes the United States to interfere should stronger nations aggress upon Central and South American states, so may a strong Pacific policy invoke its aid to preserve China.

That China has resolved to take on Western life; that this is one of the great facts of modern history; and that America is in a position to play a large part in the accomplishment of the undertaking, are propositions which are manifest to those who are conversant with conditions in the Far East. China's resolution to embrace Western civilization is evidenced by a number of facts, prominent among which are the following: (1) The abolition of the old classical examinations as conditions precedent to entrance into and advancement in public service; (2) the growth of the spirit of nationality; (3) desire on the part of the young Chinese for Western learning, which is universal; and (4) the general adoption of modern methods of transportation and communication.

There can be no doubt that America occupies a strong position with the Chinese people. This is due to the traditional friendship between the two peoples and to many acts of generosity and justice on the part of America in her treatment of China during recent years. It is generally recognized among the leading citizens in China that America saved the Empire from dismemberment at one of the critical moments in its history, viz., in 1900, following the Boxer Rebellion. The cancellation of the Boxer indemnity obligation; the liberal contribution of our people to the Famine Relief Fund, two years ago; the unselfish and useful work of American missionaries and educators—these and a number of other circumstances have contributed to strengthen America's position in China. China knows that, far from having designs on any part of her territory, the United States is irrevocably committed to the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire and the policy of the "open door." It is well known everywhere that it is the sincere desire of the people of the United States that China may succeed in achieving the administrative and commercial transformation of the Empire which she has undertaken.

Our Chinese policy, promulgated a decade ago by John Hay, and reiterated by Mr. Taft in his celebrated Shanghai speech of 1907, is too well known to need repetition. In Mr. Millard's opinion, however, the doctrine of the "open door," as a practical proposition, is little more than a mere dogma. This view is based upon his observations in Korea and Manchuria. He also believes that the integrity of the Empire is not being maintained. He points out that Manchuria is still in a large measure dominated by Russia and Japan. A number of chapters are devoted to Japan's policies and methods in Manchuria, with a view to showing their effect upon foreign trade generally, and upon American trade in particular. He shows that Japan, in order to reap the full fruits of her recent victory, has adopted the paternalistic policy of aiding private and quasi-public commercial enterprises in their efforts to exploit and develop Manchuria and Korea. Of this, however, no complaint is made. But Mr. Millard does complain of the methods used by the Japanese people to block the trade of other nations and to choke off competition.

He also complains of Japan's treatment of China. Japan's methods of operation in Manchuria, according to Mr. Millard, are as follows:

> The means which are employed by Japan to develop her internal industrial system and its necessary continental adjuncts of market and supply may be separated into two classes—legitimate and illegitimate, as these terms ordinarily are understood in the West. The chief legitimate methods are: (a) protective tariffs, (b) subsidies, (c) financial

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support, (d) free transportation of products, (e) rebates and bonuses on exports, (f) organization and centralization under Government direction. The principal illegitimate methods are: (a) secret remission of taxes and duties, (b) secret rebates of transportation charges, (c) exercise of military and political authority to handicap competitors, (d) imitation and counterfeiting of competing trade-marks. It may be well to here state that these allegations are not based upon actions or characteristics of individual Japanese or even of leading Japanese firms, but should be distinctly understood to apply to the Government of Japan; and in submitting some specific instances to illustrate the matters under discussion, only such as can be laid directly at the door of the Government will be mentioned.

The means of directly applying this policy to Asia are control of transportation lines plying to and entering the continent, such as the Japanese steamship lines and the Japanese Government railways in Korea and Manchuria; and control, by military occupation, of portions of continental territory, and of continental entry ports.

The author then cites a number of special instances to show the practical operation of the above-mentioned methods.

Mr. Millard's arraignment of the conduct of Japan in Manchuria is most serious. The cases he cites are based upon personal observation; and he asserts his position with the confidence of one certain of his ground. It may be remarked that he is not alone in entertaining these views. The position he takes is in accord with the views of many leading publicists of other nationalities, and will be sympathetically received by unbiased observers who are familiar with conditions in Manchuria. Mr. Millard has been accused of being prejudiced against the Japanese people. This may or may not be true. Some of his utterances would seem to indicate this. On the other hand, when all his utterances in regard to Japan are considered, it will be found that he entertains the same high appreciation of the cleverness, versatility, and effectiveness of the Japanese people which is more or less universal among Americans. He was one of the first to forecast the military superiority of these people. But his appreciation of Japan's virtues does not blind Mr. Millard to the fact that the Japanese are competitors of American merchants in China, and that Japan is destined to be America's chief rival in the contest for the supremacy of the trade of the Pacific. While fully appreciating Japan's strong points, he does not hesitate to point out her weak ones. He recognizes that Japan's desire to expand her trade in China is a natural and legitimate one, but contends that, in her eagerness to secure as large a share as possible, she has resorted to unfair practices.

Mr. Millard is convinced that Japan is not observing all of her treaty obligations, and that this is detrimental to American trade in Manchuria, which, prior to the war, was very large. He also points out that so long as Japan maintains her grip on southern Manchuria Russia will not relax her grip in the north. In such conduct Mr. Millard sees a violation of the principle of fair play which the nations are pledged by treaty to maintain in China, and a possible menace to the peace of the world. It is on this account that Mr. Millard complains of these tendencies and opposes them with all the earnestness and force he possesses:

> That foreign trade and property rights are now suffering, and will continue to suffer while conditions remain as they are, can hardly be disputed. It seems to me that unless certain points are definitely adjusted by means of (if necessary) international pressure upon the powers in occupation, the "open door" in Manchuria will continue to be a hollow sham, and may lead to dismemberment of China.

A number of chapters are devoted to a discussion of Japan's internal policy, including her economic régime, her naval and military programme, and kindred themes. The information they contain is interesting in itself, but its chief significance lies in the light it throws on Japan's foreign policy. The author's analysis of Japan's internal affairs is not the ordinary conventional treatment of the subject, but presents them in an altogether new light.

The action of the United States in failing to send the full fleet to China last year is severely criticised, and the Root-Takahira agreement is carefully analyzed. Mr. Millard does not agree with the thesis upon which this agreement is drawn. He does not regard the main questions therein considered as of great importance, and is inclined to think that whatever benefit may result from the agreement will probably accrue to Japan. He thinks

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that such matters as the race question in California, the labor disputes in Hawaii, and the alleged designs of Japan on the Philippines will not result in serious collision between the two nations. In his opinion, "the genesis of a collision between Japan and the United States, if it ever occurs, will be found in conditions on the mainland of Asia."

Seven chapters are devoted to the Philippine Islands. The discussion of this subject discloses familiarity with the situation and a comprehensive grasp of the Government's policy in the islands. Mr. Millard takes a common-sense, optimistic view of the whole situation. He thoroughly approves the Government's policy in the islands and the manner in which it is being carried out. He recognizes the fact that the primary object of the American Government is the development of the Filipino people, and that the development of the material resources of the islands is secondary. He realizes that this policy, which originated in the great heart of McKinley, was articulated by the luminous intellect of Elihu Root, and put into practical operation by the diplomatic hand of William Howard Taft, is the only policy which the American people would approve. He then proceeds to show that peace has been completely restored, and a stable and self-sustaining government has been set up; that the currency of the islands has been reformed, that a most effective judiciary has been established, and that a system of popular education has been inaugurated. He also observes that the Filipinos are receiving an increasingly large share in the public service of the islands, and that every legitimate effort is being made by the Government to aid the people in the development of the resources of the islands. Mr. Millard has faith in the ultimate success of America's new experiment in the Oriental tropics.

We have thus traced, in brief and general outline, the scope and contents of this work. In our opinion, it is a remarkable production, and is bound to attract the attention of students of international affairs everywhere. It is an original and able discussion of a great theme. Mr. Millard's purpose in writing the book was to endeavor to "create among Americans an intelligent public opinion about Eastern affairs; to awaken them to a clearer perception of our present position among nations, and to achieve consciousness of the situation of our Nation in its relation to the world." We believe the work will go far toward accomplishing the purpose for which it was written, and we trust that it will have the especial effect of arousing the responsible authorities of China and of the United States to an appreciation of the true meaning of the relationship which now exists between the peoples of the two countries.

MRS. ZUSLIMSKY'S MONA LISA

BY MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

WHEN Mrs. Zuslimsky got back to the door of her flat with an armload of grocer's parcels that were to make the dinner of her husband and the three little Zuslimskys, no amount of searching in her pocketbook and the bag that contained it could discover the latch-key. Being locked out of your own house is bad enough at the best, but Mrs. Zuslimsky's dilemma was all the worse because only four days had passed since she had left the dingy flat on Hester Street for this gorgeous, cupid-ceilinged apartment-house in the Bronx, and she was still a stranger in a strange land. But Mrs. Zuslimsky was a ready woman. A moment's despair, then with clearing face she stepped to the door of the flat adjoining her own and knocked.

It was a kindly-looking, middle-aged woman who opened the door upon Mrs. Zuslimsky. "Good-mornin'. I t'ink Mrs. Silver the housekeeper said is your name," began Mrs. Zulimsky in her

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politest manner. "Vill you please excuse, I forget my latch-key. I t'ink mebbe you let me go from your kitchen window to the fire 'scape; t'en I go to my rooms by my kitchen window."

Mrs. Silver acquiesced with a readiness and a quiet courtesy that assured Mrs. Zuslimsky that Mrs. Silver was a woman whose neighbor it was a blessing to be, and Mrs. Zuslimsky was prompt in seizing the opportunity to begin a friendship.

"I t'ank you very much. Und von't you come in by me a leettle vhile? I like always to make friends by my neighbors. Und, t'ank God," Mrs. Zuslimsky continued, "I lived seven years in the old place, und nefer did I have a fight once vit' anybody!"

Before Mrs. Silver could say yes or no, Mrs. Zuslimsky bestowed her parcels on the kitchen table and was making for the window. Mrs. Zuslimsky no longer had the slender grace with which twelve years before, as the prettiest girl in Greenbaum's sweat-shop, she had captured the heart of the energetic Abraham Zuslimsky; but nevertheless, with some puffing and squeezing, her plump little body got through the window, and two minutes later, flushed and with a welcoming smile, she swung open her door upon her newly acquired friend.

Mrs. Zuslimsky led Mrs. Silver, despite her protest that she could stay but a few minutes, into the parlor where centered her housewifely pride. She quickly rolled up the blinds, and adjusted at the proper angle such articles as had dared in some mysterious way to shift from their appointed positions. When she turned, Mrs. Silver was gazing around the room, and Mrs. Zuslimsky kept silent her pride that her neighbor might be duly impressed by the dancing shepherds and their sweethearts; by the peacock feathers in the grandly beflowered vases; by the pomponed tidies that crowned the back of every chair; by the gilded clock upheld by an angel that was poised on the earth on its left great toe.

"Ain't this grand!" Mrs. Zuslimsky burst out, pointing at the clock. "My husband brought it me for surprise. I haf a husband, may ev'ry Jewish daughter be blessed vit' vone like him! He is so good as gold. I can haf ev'ryt'ing my heart vants. Dat's him." She directed her forefinger to a gilt-framed crayon portrait of a prosperous-looking man of forty hanging over one end of the mantelpiece. "Mine, ven it's done, vill hang dere," she continued, pointing at the vacant space over the mantel's other end. "Mr. Schweiz promised mebbe to bring it to-day."

Mrs. Zuslimsky went right on and told of her new "crazy set," consisting of five pieces of furniture, each fighting the other for supremacy in color and design; of the wonderful smiling lions that supported the new dining-table—until Mrs. Silver ended the discourse by wishing that Mrs. Zuslimsky might enjoy it all in the best of health, and by saying that she must now return to her own flat. But before Mrs. Silver was half-way out of the door Mrs. Zuslimsky remembered her parcels, and the two went out together.

Mrs. Zuslimsky, returning from the kitchen with the family dinner embraced against her bosom, paused in Mrs. Silver's sitting-room and looked curiously about. "Your rooms is just like mine—but vhy it looks so difference—?" Mrs. Zuslimsky puzzled. "Ah, I know vhat's de matter," she immediately exclaimed. "You got no fantcy t'ings around, dat makes much difference. You don't like no fantcy t'ings?"

"To tell the truth, I never thought much about it," Mrs. Silver answered. "It's my daughter, she's a teacher, who tends to it all. Just now she's away for a little vacation."

"Your daughter likes t'ings so plain?" Mrs. Zuslimsky asked with surprise.

"She says it's a lot of extra work to keep fancy things clean. Besides, she thinks it's nicer without them. I let her have her way. What's good for her is plenty good enough for an old woman like me."

"Vell, as your daughter is a teacher, she knows already vat's stylish and vat ain't," Mrs. Zuslimsky said, nodding. "You must be awful proud to haf a teacher for your daughter. But, please, Mrs. Silver, I don't like to keep you," Mrs. Zuslimsky added, without any idea of leaving.

"If you don't mind," Mrs. Silver returned, apologetically, "I will go on with my dusting in this room."

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"Sure, sure, I don't mind." The room seemed very queer to Mrs. Zuslimsky with its dark-green, flowerless wall paper, the simple furniture, the denim-covered couch, and the absence of all the finery that made her home so "elegant." Still, the fact that this was the home of a teacher—for teachers she in general had a profound regard—increased her respect for the room, and she began to examine its furnishings with greater interest.

"You only haf one piece of brick-a-brack in the whole parlor," she remarked, nodding at a small cast of Venus de Milo on top of the book-case.

"Yes, that my daughter brought from Paris last summer."

"Your daughter was to Paris! I suppose dis 's all Paris style?" There was a new admiration in Mrs. Zuslimsky's eyes as she looked around. Her gaze fell on a little picture which Mrs. Silver had just finished wiping off—a picture of a lady with folded hands, a Jewish lady it seemed to her, with an expression on her face that sometimes looked like a smile and sometimes didn't.

"Is dat picture mebbe your daughter?"

"Oh, no. My daughter is much younger than she."

Mrs. Silver's reference to the lady's age encouraged Mrs. Zuslimsky to go on. "I thought she looked mebbe a leettle like you in the eye." After a pause—"She is a very fine-lookin'—is she a friend of yourns, mebbe?"

"I never seen her," Mrs. Silver replied, "but my daughter saw this picture in Paris. She told me this is perhaps the finest lady-picture in the world."

"Vell, vell! De finest picture—"

Mrs. Zuslimsky's astonishment was interrupted by a ring. Mrs. Silver went out and at once returned. "Mrs. Zuslimsky, there's a man outside that asks for you. He says he knocked at your door, but, not getting an answer, and seeing mine open, he thought maybe you are here. He gave me this"—Mrs. Silver handed Mrs. Zuslimsky the following card, printed with a rubber stamp:

HERR FRANZ SCHWEIZ,
The most artistic painter from Germany.
Does jobs neat, cheap, and quick.
—— Allen Street, 1st floor back.

"Mr. Schweiz! mit my picture mebbe!" exclaimed Mrs. Zuslimsky. "I bring him right here if he has it, so you can see the picture too."

Mrs. Zuslimsky hurried out, and a moment later led in a little man with a waxed mustache and a flowing tie, whose few hairs were judiciously arranged to cover the utmost space, and whose collar should have gone to the laundry at least two days before. Originally Mr. Schweiz had been a fresco painter, but, having found in America no demand for the handiwork he had performed on the ceilings of his native land, he had taken to portraiture, his prices being such as permitted even the poor to have a near likeness of themselves.

"Dis 's Mr. Schweiz, Mrs. Silver." Mrs. Zuslimsky looked excitedly at the large package done up in newspapers beneath the artist's arm. "Vell, Mr. Schweiz, let's see de picture. I hope you make me somet'in' fine."

"I vill already say not'ing, und leaf you see the goods yourselve." Mr. Schweiz made a little bow, accompanied by a confident little wave of the hand. He then stripped the many newspapers from the picture, held it upon the table, and stood waiting for the outburst of pleasure he had grown to expect from his customers on such occasions. He was not to be disappointed. Mrs. Zuslimsky's face was one happy smile, for Mr. Schweiz's art assured her of the truth of her friends' remark that she looked "mebbe ten years younger every day."

"Yes, you done a good job, dat's de trut', und no use sayin' not'in' else. I t'ink everybody vill say it looks gust like I. Don't you t'ink so yourself, Mr. Schweiz?"

Mr. Schweiz made his little bow. "Of certainty I t'ink so—but it vould not be modest for ze artist to praise his own vork."

"Wat do you say, Mrs. Silver?"

Mrs. Silver at first hesitated—then praised. The general admiration waxed high—then waned; then Mrs. Zuslimsky, turning her head, chanced to see again the "finest lady-picture in all the world," and instantly a happy inspiration occurred to her, and instantly the inspiration burst into words.

"Oh, Mrs. Silver, I gust got a new thought in my head, and I vonder if you vill make me objections." She eagerly

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pointed a chubby little hand at the picture. "I vant to ask Mr. Schweiz to make me vone picture of dat lady, if you don't mind."

"With the greatest pleasure you can have it copied," returned Mrs. Silver.

"T'ank you so much! But mebbe your daughter will mind when she finds out?"

"Oh, no. If you knew my daughter you wouldn't say that. Besides, what harm will it do to my picture if you have one too?"

"Ah, excuse—I didn't mean not'ing bad about your daughter—only—vell, mebbe some day I pay you back such a favor."

Mrs. Zuslimsky turned to the artist. "I gif you a new job already, Mr. Schweiz. Vill you make me vone nice picture like dat?"

"Certenly, certenly," Mr. Schweiz nodded. "Dat's my bis'ness. I make you anyding you vish." For a few moments Mr. Schweiz, with condescension in his manner, regarded thoughtfully the famous face by Leonardo da Vinci, then added: "Madame Zuslimsky, fer me it is very easier to make you vone as is dis picture, but I likes you to haf someding first-class. Dis picture is a leettle too much plain. I make it fer you mit a few improvements—yes? and it costs you vone dollar more only."

"Vell, vhen you can make it nicer—make it nicer, vhy not? But I hope I ain't going to be sorry for spending so much money on it."

"So far I made your pictures a satisfaction, not so? Vell, you leafe de whole ding to me—und vhen I finis', if it gife you no pleasure I gife de dollar back. Is dat good? But I know vhat stylish is, und I certen you like it," Mr. Schweiz concluded with absolute confidence.

The bargain was settled, Mrs. Zuslimsky making the further stipulation that the picture must be done that day a week, as on that day she was to have a confirmation party for her son, and she wanted the new easel in her parlor occupied. "I promise," said Mr. Schweiz, "und ven I a vord say—it's a vord. But I must begin to vork by de picture ride avay." Mr. Schweiz looked at Mrs. Silver. "Vill de lady here be so kind und lend me her picture home?"

"Would it be just the same to you to work here on it?" Mrs. Silver asked. "In case anything happened to the picture I wouldn't like to blame you for it."

To this Mr. Schweiz assented with many bows, and straightway started for his studio to get the material to begin work; and presently Mrs. Zuslimsky, with profuse gratitude, returned to her flat. In the days that followed, Mrs. Zuslimsky besought Mr. Schweiz to let her have a glimpse of the progress he was making; but the artist put her off by saying, "No, no, Madame Zuslimsky, I vant to make you von big surprise. Vhen I efery day a leettle show you, de surprise is all broke up." This refusal served to whet Mrs. Zuslimsky's interest in the picture; her curiosity mounted day by day; and on the seventh day, when Mr. Schweiz had agreed to bring the finished picture to Mrs. Silver's home and exhibit it beside the original, Mrs. Zuslimsky was in Mrs. Silver's flat long before the promised hour of delivery.

Finally there was a ring at the door, and in stepped Mr. Schweiz, dressed in overalls that looked to have served him long as clothes protector, palette, and the cloth with which he had wiped his brushes. "Guten mornin'," he said cheerfully, bowing first to one, then to the other. "Please excuse—I hurry so much, I did not change my vorkin' suit."

"Dat's all right!" cried Mrs. Zuslimsky, with eager impatience. "Let's already gife a look on de picture."

The artist, with the modest superiority of manner which self-recognized genius assumes when certain of victory, uncovered his picture—and the next moment, on the wall beside the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci was the Mona Lisa of Herr Franz Schweiz.

"Vell?" queried Mr. Schweiz.

The two women stared. The tantalizing, unfathomable smile of the Florentine painter had been transformed by the painter from Hamburg into a smile of full-stomached complacency. From the delicate ears hung gold earrings; about the rounded neck was a heavy gold chain with a gold locket the size of a man's watch; her tapering fingers were ringed to the first joint with gems that threw off slanting rays of light; and on the soft bosom was a gold brooch on which was

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painted (by way of delicate compliment) the bearded face of Abraham Zuslimsky.

Mr. Schweiz saw a smile coming on Mrs. Zuslimky's face, but he could not wait for her praise. "So you see, Madame Zuslimsky, how much better is mine," he burst out. "Und bigger, too. Gust you measure it. It's t'ree times so large. Und look on de color in her cheeks—how fine und red! Und look on de jewelry—just look on de jewelry! Ain't she a fine, rich-looking lady? A lady what you'll not be shamed to haf in your house—hey?"

Mrs. Zuslimsky's face was beaming with delight. "You done fine!" she cried. "Yes, you certainly done fine, Mr. Schweiz. Vat you t'ink, Mrs. Silver?"

Mrs. Silver spoke hesitatingly. "I think it's very nice—but it's a little different from mine picture."

"You're right, Madame Silver," put in the glowing Mr. Schweiz. "Did I not say I will make it so—it vill be not the same ding vhen I mit it finish'?"

"Dat's so," nodded Mrs. Zuslimsky, with satisfaction. "You nefer could say she vas the same lady as in the leettle picture, 'xcept when you look real hard."

"Just look some more," besought Mr. Schweiz, in his enthusiasm. "Such a complexion! Such eyes so blue! Und how de diminds shine! Gust real livin' diminds!"

"Dat's right, dat's right," agreed Mrs. Zuslimsky, warmly shaking the artist's hand.

This complete success stirred the creative impulse in Mr. Schweiz. "It needs vone more ding, Madame Zuslimsky," he cried. "If you haf de vish, I vill make on de lady a little fantcy ding in her hair. I haf my brushes here—eferyding." Mrs. Zuslimsky gave her permission, and two minutes later Mr. Schweiz had the picture on his knees and his brush was fastening into Mona Lisa's back hair a very tall and very stiff aigrette.

Presently there was a ring, and Mrs. Silver slipped away to answer it. Immediately cries of surprise and joy arose in the next room, followed by a period of eager talking. And then, just as Mr. Schweiz had put his finishing touches on the aigrette, Mrs. Silver reappeared with a fresh-looking young woman, whom she introduced as her daughter unexpectedly back from her vacation. Miss Silver gave a little gasp at sight of Mr. Schweiz's work of art; but Mrs. Zuslimsky foresaw complaint, and made haste to forestall it with apology.

"I hope you vill excuse dat ve make you de trouble about de picture."

"Why, it is no trouble at all, but—" Miss Silver began with a controlled smile, "mother dear, why did you let Mrs. Zuslimsky have the picture copied! Why didn't—"

Mrs. Zuslimsky, very excited, broke in hastily. "Your mot'er, I ask her, und she says you don't mind if Mr. Schweiz make me vone picture like yours."

"Yes, Henriette," corroborated Mrs. Silver, "I told her you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not. But why—"

Mrs. Zuslimsky again interrupted excitedly.

"But, my dear woman, let me finish what I want to say," Miss Silver said quite forcibly, seeing that the situation was growing more serious than she had expected. "I am very glad to have you here—very glad to have you copy the picture, since you so wanted it. But this little picture is only a cheap print—"

Here Mr. Schweiz saw his chance. "Ah, dat's vhat I say. Dat's a cheap, very cheap, picture. I made a rich ding—just give vone look yourself, lady. Ain't it grand and bu-ti-fool!"

"Vhy—vhy—" burst out Mrs. Zuslimsky, "your mot'er, she say it's mebbe the finest lady-picture in all de vorld!" There was astonishment in Mrs. Zuslimsky's voice, and also a little indignation. "If I know, I vouldn't spend my money on gust a cheap lady!"

Miss Silver, who had sunk into a chair with laughter, controlled herself. "Now, Mrs. Zuslimsky, please listen to me for a minute. Mother was right; this is a very famous picture. But she made a little mistake; our picture is not the original; it is only a copy of it, a cheap copy. If you like it so much, I would be happy to give it to you."

The lines in Mrs. Zuslimsky's face softened. "Ah, you are awful kind-hearted. But I vouldn't take your picture from you. No, no. Thank God, I can 'fford to make me vone by Mr. Schweiz."

A sigh of relief came from Mr. Schweiz.

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For an instant he had trembled for the safety of his order.

"I'm sure you can afford to have one made, but I have two such pictures, and I shall be very glad to give you one. Please take it," and Miss Silver took the print off the wall and held it out to Mrs. Zuslimsky.

"T'ank you very much, but I am no relative mit you, und I don't vant to make you such 'xpense."

"But it's only a trifle," argued Miss Silver. "This little picture costs only one cent."

Mrs. Zuslimsky's eyes opened wide, she looked at Miss Silver in great amazement. She hesitated a moment, and then, drawing herself up, returned with a little air of pride:

"I t'ank you a t'ousand times, Miss, but I like mines de best. It cost two dollars und forty-nine cents."

THE MORAL PROBLEM OF THE FARM

BY H. B.

RAPID advances in land values have rendered the American farmer, for the present at least, financially independent. But numerous paragraphs in the best farm papers relative to the boy on the farm and kindred subjects hint that the greatest problem confronting the farmer in the Middle West is not an economic problem but a moral problem. If the President's Commission can do anything toward bringing farmers to realize that first of all they are husbands and fathers, and that the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the families dependent upon them is a matter of more vital import than the raising of bumper crops, then the Commission will justify itself.

The writer was born and raised in a farming community of a Middle West State. The farmers in this community were mainly of English descent. They were not well-to-do, but they were industrious. Their poverty was "an act of God." They had their country church, which must have been an influence for good, despite the quarrels that often arose within it. Race suicide had not been heard of, and the lumber wagons and "Democrat" wagons that drew up in front of the rickety church steps on Sunday afternoons usually carried their quota of healthy boys and girls. As the writer recalls the boys who were his mates in the district school, he is ashamed of the fact that many of them are now little more than saloon loafers.

In less important respects the neighborhood has prospered. Good crops have not only brought good returns, but they have also caused farm land to double and treble in value. Farms are smaller, and many of them are run by new settlers from Eastern States. The old church has been repainted inside and out. The preacher lives in a spick-and-span "manse"—and the church quarrels are possibly a trifle more bitter than in the days when one man's poverty was as good as another's. Rural mail service brings the daily paper. The rural telephone saves the farmer money when he markets stock or grain, and also offers him and his womenfolks temptations toward friendly gossip.

The farmer's life is an independent life. The very conditions which make it independent make him lord of his little domain. Often, despite many shining exceptions, he is too narrow to appreciate his privileges and his limitations. The writer does not believe that it is necessarily the farmer's duty to give his boys a farm each, or send his children away to college. He *does* believe that in this Middle West the number of farmers who are able to do these things is greater than the number of those who can conscientiously say that they have by precept and example done what they could to develop their boys and girls into honest, self-respecting men and women. Honesty with himself must force many a man to admit that he has been, before all things else, a farmer, and that in the press of other work he has surrendered to his hired men the privilege of counseling his boys on questions of manliness and morality.

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PUBLIC OPINION

THE UNITED STATES AND THE TURKISH SITUATION

The Armenians are being punished for the sins of Europe. By virtue of the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, their destiny became an international problem. The six Powers of Europe solemnly pledged themselves to introduce, through the Sultan, administrative reforms into the provinces inhabited by the Armenians. Europe in general, and England in particular, were appointed to supervise the project of reform, which, however, from the first day, was doomed to failure, and that for a twofold reason. The Sultan, a born assassin, felt more inclined to execute the reformers than to execute reforms; meanwhile Europe proved unable to impose a concerted pressure upon him. While some of the Powers sought to reform, others were anxious to deform, Turkey, each acting in its own interest, and none acting in the interest of humanity. Thus the Concert of Europe became the confusion of Turkey. The massacres are sufficiently explained in the light of such a situation. Given a man of Hamidian type, with all his Neronian proclivities, as the supreme ruler of Turkey; given a Concert of Europe each member of which has its own selfish aims to pursue and no two of which can agree upon any definite line of action with regard to the Sultan; given also, one, possibly two, of those Powers ready to safeguard the Sultan against any punitive measures from outside—under such a combination of circumstances the massacring of the Armenians can be predicted to a mathematical certainty. And that is just what has happened again and again. The bravado of a few irresponsible leaders here and there may have irritated the Turks, but it behooves us to distinguish between the cause and the occasion. The cause of each and every upheaval was the murderous disposition of an Oriental tyrant aggravated by a ridiculous Concert of Europe, and actively supported by some members of the notorious Concert. The Armenians are the victims of Asiatic despotism and European diplomacy combined.

The civilized world ought to secure two elementary rights for the Armenians.

First, the right of existence. The Armenians are human beings, hence their right to exist. They have existed a few thousand years, hence their right to continue to exist. They are natives of the land, hence their right to exist in their home country. They are a people endowed with body and soul, hence their right to exist untrammeled and unmolested.

Second, the right of justice. The Armenians desire that no unfair discrimination should be made against them. They would like to be put on an equal footing with the Moslem subjects of the Sultan. They crave a fair opportunity to develop themselves. They ask to be treated as men and women. They plead to be allowed to live as free citizens of the Ottoman Empire.

Is the United States under any obligation to intervene in their behalf?

It may be argued that the United States, not being signatory to the Berlin Treaty, may not properly intervene in the internal affairs of Turkey. This very fact, on the contrary, may constitute the peculiar opportunity of America, enjoyed by no other Power on earth. The signatory Powers of Europe live in such territorial or political proximity with Turkey that none of them can pursue a disinterested policy based solely upon humanitarian considerations, and the Concert, by virtue of mutual jealousies, is condemned to impotence and inactivity. The United States, single-handed, is more powerful than the six Powers of Europe in concert, because it has the unique privilege of being the only Power which could not be accused of motives of territorial aggrandizement in any effort it might put forth for the welfare of the people of Turkey.

Such an intervention on the part of the United States would not mean a military occupation of the Turkish territory nor an armed conflict with any European Power. It would simply mean an earnest remonstrance with the Powers of Europe which, collectively and severally, are responsible for the Turkish atrocities, whether perpetrated upon Armenians, Greeks, or liberal-minded Turks. The State Department, establishing itself upon the broad basis of humanitarianism, has the right to say to the Cabinets of Europe: "Gentlemen, your Berlin Treaty, which has brought Armenia and Macedonia within international politics, has rather aggravated the situation and made the lot of the Christian subjects intolerable. These innocent men and women are paying the penalty of your mutual rivalries and jealousies. Treaty or no treaty, Concert or no Concert, you are in duty bound to secure reforms and restore peace in Turkey." There is no Power in Europe that could afford to spurn such a protest raised in behalf of suffering humanity, and there must be some Powers which might gladly avail themselves of the moral support of America to bring the Sultan's Government to a sense of shame and justice. The voice

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which defended the cause of Cuba, which remonstrated with Rumania and Russia in behalf of the persecuted Jews, which stopped the partition of China among European Powers, which spoke to Belgium in the interest of the natives of Congo—that same voice may speak again in distinct human accents in the ears of Europe, and peace and order will come out of chaos to bless the peoples of Turkey.

President Taft, endowed as he is with legal experience, executive ability, and humanitarian sentiments, has the opportunity to be the God-chosen man to render this unique service to a distracted land.

(Rev.) M. G. PAPAZIAN,
Armenian Evangelical Church.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMBROSE CHANNEL

My attention has been called to an article in the May Magazine Number of The Outlook entitled "A Canal at Sea," by Arthur Hewitt. The opening paragraph of the article contains such an incorrect statement of the origin of the plan for a deep-sea channel at the entrance of New York Harbor that, in justice to the memory of the real author of the plan, and being thoroughly familiar with the history of this work, I feel compelled to furnish you with some of the true facts relating to the subject.

Mr. Hewitt begins by saying that "Years ago, as far back as 1899, army engineers began to realize that the approaches to New York Harbor were inadequate," etc. This would give the impression that to army engineers should be given the credit for recommending and securing Federal appropriations to give New York a better deep-sea channel. Whatever the army engineers may think of the channel now, they were among the most bitter opponents of the plan when my father, the late John W. Ambrose, in the winter of 1898 and 1899, labored successfully with Congress to give New York the necessary funds with which to dredge the Ambrose Channel. For fifteen years prior to that time he had secured appropriations of over five million dollars for New York Harbor, in the Upper and Lower Bay. When he finished this work, he felt that New York would eventually lose its commercial prestige unless ships of greater carrying capacity than those then in use could enter this port. This could only be possible with a deeper and more direct channel than the old one. In fact, the ships then coming here were not laden to their full capacity, because the conditions in the Lower Bay would not permit them to enter without grounding.

After fortifying himself with maps and information secured from the best engineering talent he could employ, he organized a committee of prominent New York men, representing the Chamber of Commerce and the various maritime and commercial exchanges, and on the 22d of December, 1898, went before the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives, and with these gentlemen made a strong plea for this new and much-needed waterway. I am inclosing herewith a printed copy of the proceedings of this committee of New York business men before the Committee of the House of Representatives. I happen to know that Mr. Ambrose was responsible for the introduction of the bill by Representative Amos J. Cummings, this being my father's first attempt to get the new channel. When this failed, he then organized the committee mentioned above. After the laborious effort involved in presenting the subject to the Committee of the House of Representatives, the Committee denied absolutely the request of the New York City petitioners, and cut the appropriation for the new channel out of the River and Harbor Bill.

Mr. Ambrose then went alone to the Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate (before whom he had appeared on many occasions in the previous fifteen years), and through his masterly presentation of the subject secured from these broad-minded and patriotic men their approval, and through them the appropriation for a new deep-sea channel was embodied in the River and Harbor Bill. By the accompanying pamphlet you will see that Mr. Ambrose recommends that the Federal Government dredge the channel, instead of giving out the work by private contract, and there gives his reasons. I am sending you also a copy of "Shipping Illustrated" of December 26, 1908, which comments editorially on the great value of Mr. Ambrose's services to the commerce of this port.

No written account can give an adequate conception of the unselfish and tireless energy, and the great abilities, both executive and literary, which Mr. Ambrose expended in carrying out this the most dearly cherished plan of his very busy and active career. He gave generously of his strength and time as a pure act of patriotism. It would seem, therefore, but just and fair that in any mention of the great work which he initiated, and which is now nearing completion, absolutely truthful recognition should be accorded him. It may interest Mr. Hewitt to know that during the last ten days of my father's life the late Major Adams, a United States Army Engineer, had the specifications of the contract for the channel changed so that it should be

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only thirty-five feet deep instead of forty feet, which my father had contended for. He was so seriously ill at the time that he was never told of this latest attempt to nullify his great work. But in the month following my father's death, through the efforts of one of my brothers, the clause calling for a channel forty feet deep was restored to the specifications. This is only one of many instances which could be quoted to illustrate the hostility of army engineers to my father's plans, the practicability of which has since been fully demonstrated.

KATHARINE W. AMBROSE SHRADY
(MRS. GEORGE F. SHRADY).

THE LUZAC MEMORIAL

When, in 1782, John Adams wrote exultingly, "One thing, thank God, is certain—I have planted the American standard at The Hague . . . I shall look down upon the flagstaff with pleasure from the other world," he had reason to be happy. The sinews of war were at once forthcoming, and Dutch guilders rolled in a stream to the empty treasury of our Congress. Hard cash in gold and silver paid off our starving Continentals at Newburgh and conserved the results of the Revolution. When paid back, in 1808, the fourteen millions of dollars, instead of remaining in Europe, were invested on our soil by the Holland Land Company, and four millions of acres in western New York and Pennsylvania were developed for civilization. Nevertheless the Dutchmen themselves had already done most of John Adams's work for him. On November 16, 1776, at St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, Governor de Graeff, after reading the Constitution of the United States, ordered a salute to our flag, and from this island came one-half of the supplies to the Continental Army between 1775 and 1783. Nearly ten years before Adams, the editor Jean Luzac, in his Leyden Gazette, in both French and Dutch, with weighty arguments and fiery eloquence, had begun the championship of our cause. From 1772 to 1785, Luzac, assisted by such statesmen as van der Capellen, Dr. Coelkens, van der Kemp, and other brilliant wits and scholars, furnished all Europe with trustworthy news and with advocacy of American claims, and the recognition of the United States of America by France, Spain, and the Netherlands was the result. These Dutchmen had already seen and made plain what John Adams later put into English when he wrote that "the originals of the two republics (Dutch and American) are so much alike that the history of one seems but a transcript from that of the other." Benjamin Franklin, anticipating Motley, simply condensed volumes when he wrote that "in love of liberty and bravery, in the defense of it, she [Holland] has been our great example." The idea of the vast debt that Americans owe the Dutch is not one born in modern after-dinner oratory, but represents both fact and record which were patent in the cradle days of our Nation. The members of the Luzac family, which has lent fame to Leyden, were driven from home by the revoked Edict of Nantes. In the same seventeenth century they reached that city of refuge, which had already welcomed and sheltered the Walloons who began the settlement of the Empire State, and the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock. Jean Luzac was born in Leyden, August 2, 1746, won his university honors, and started in life first as professor of Greek and then as an advocate, but in 1772 began his career as a journalist. He flung himself with all the ardor of a Lafayette into the work of championing the American cause, and large is the bundle of letters which remain to show how constant was his correspondence with Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and the fathers of the Republic and Constitution. Washington so appreciated Luzac's services that, besides an autograph letter breathing in every line gratitude to the editor, he sent him, at the close of the war, as a token of freedom won, his camp-stool, on which he had sat in council and in the field during the long struggle. Very curiously, the ship containing the letter and the article of furniture was captured by a French privateer; but the captain, while confiscating cargo and vessel, saved the missive and the seat and sent them at his own expense to Professor Luzac. Proud of his gift, this man of learning enjoyed it during life and bequeathed it to his children, and the heirloom is still kept in Holland. When Luzac gave up the labors of the editorial chair and filled that of the Fatherland's history in Leyden University, his pleasure and avocation was the Greek language, in which he delivered orations and panegyrics upon Washington and other American statesmen. He met his death January 12, 1807, by an explosion on a powder ship in the canal which now fronts the beautiful new Girls' High School in Leyden. This historic city was not only the ancient seat of valor, science, and scholarship, but it was the Leyden jar of modern history, being the home alike of the three bands of exiles who so largely made distinctive America—the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the Walloons who were the first settlers of New Netherland, and the Huguenots who leavened our nation. It is unfortunate that so little of our great debt to the Netherlands, and especially to the Dutch

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Republic, is known to the American people, but this is because writers of our popular histories were not acquainted with the Dutch language. It is now proposed to erect on the house in which Luzac lived, and in which he did his great work as journalist, a tablet expressing American gratitude and appreciation. The Rapenburg, where the tourist may look on this bronze plate, is in a patrician part of the city and just across the canal from the end of the Klok Steeg (Bell Alley), in which the Pilgrims lived, and fronting the canal on which they began their historic voyage. Such a memorial will form another international link binding the old and the new nation in hearty accord. It must not be forgotten that when the universities of England were closed to all but adherents of the State Church, Leyden educated nearly five thousand English-speaking students, not a few of whom were Americans. Surely no triumph of journalism on behalf of our country in its days of need equals this of Luzac. The honorary treasurer of the fund is Mr. Warner Van Norden, 786 Fifth Avenue, New York City, but the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., of Ithaca, New York, author of "Brave Little Holland," is doing the actual work of collecting the money, and will attend personally to the setting up of the tablet in July. The installation ceremonies are under the oversight of the Netherlandish Society of Letters at Leyden, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the kingdom.

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THE JACOB RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLEMENT

The cry, "A bird! a bird!" went up in our house the other day, and young and old scurried to the roof garden to see it. Wondering why the coming of a sparrow should cause such excitement, seeing that him we have always with us, I hurried, too, to look. But my wonder ceased when I saw the bird. It was no sparrow, but a big, beautiful brown thrasher, come from Heaven knows where on a neighborly call. He seemed very much at home on the roof garden, where the first green tops of the golden glow were showing above the edge of the boxes. The children stood and watched him with bated breath. Twice he had been there in a week, they reported, and once he had been seen inspecting a straw. *Might* he be thinking of building a nest? They hugged themselves with joy at the thought, and whispered in each other's ears, fearful of frightening him away, that two summers ago a crimson bird, a wonderful thing, had stayed there a whole day. A scarlet tanager it was. Straight out of the fairy story he came to them, and like that he went, leaving the world more beautiful for his coming.

I like to think that they come, like the swallows in my old Danish home, where there is peace. Peace and good will are, if not over the door of our house, within it. Christmas only used to put a strain on it, when we went our several ways, instead of together. It was as if the very season of good will did not include the Jew, whom it should have searched out first of all, and it was not to be borne. So last Christmas we found a way. We bade the Rabbi Stephen S. Wise come and keep the Maccabean festival that falls in the holiday week with his people who are our neighbors and friends. He came, and so did they, till they filled our gymnasium full. And we who are Christians learned new lessons of devotion and courage and patriotism from that wondrous story of loyalty and self-sacrifice. And they, if they caught in it at last a faint echo of the angels' song on far Judean hills, "Peace on earth, good will toward man!"—who shall blame them if they had not understood before? To them, alas! Kishinev had stood for Christian faith and charity all too long.

So we forded that stream, as we have forded many another. Through the long, hard winter we came safe by the help of our friends, thanks largely to the backing of the schools that bear the burden of supporting our gymnasium; thanks also to our dollar-a-year subscription plan by which we are weaving a cable of a multitude of little strands that shall stand, we hope, the strain of the hardest times. It took all the money we could raise to weave it, but we shall not have to repeat that effort.

And now we confront the summer, empty-handed, but with our debts all paid, and full of hope and courage. We shall shorten sail, if need be, but we hope the need will not come. We shall want funds for our children's outings and for the mothers who bear burdens which few of us can even imagine. I sometimes think that the making of a holiday for these, affording them ever so brief a respite from the tenement and its cares, in winter in our own house, in summer on Twin Island, is worth all the rest. They are the to-day, if the children are the to-morrow. But wherever you put the emphasis, the work is there to be done, and glad are we that it is ours to do. So we thank those with grateful hearts who have held up our hands in the past, and ask them not to forget our people now. They are their neighbors, as they are ours, and need the neighborly hand. Miss Lillian C. House, Treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York, will gladly acknowledge checks for our work.

JACOB A. RIIS.

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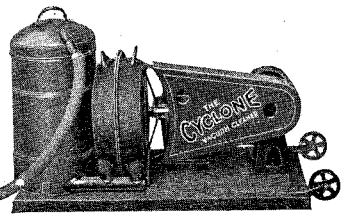

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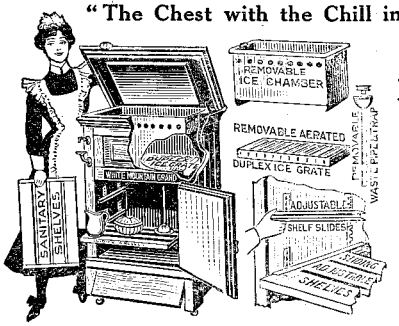

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